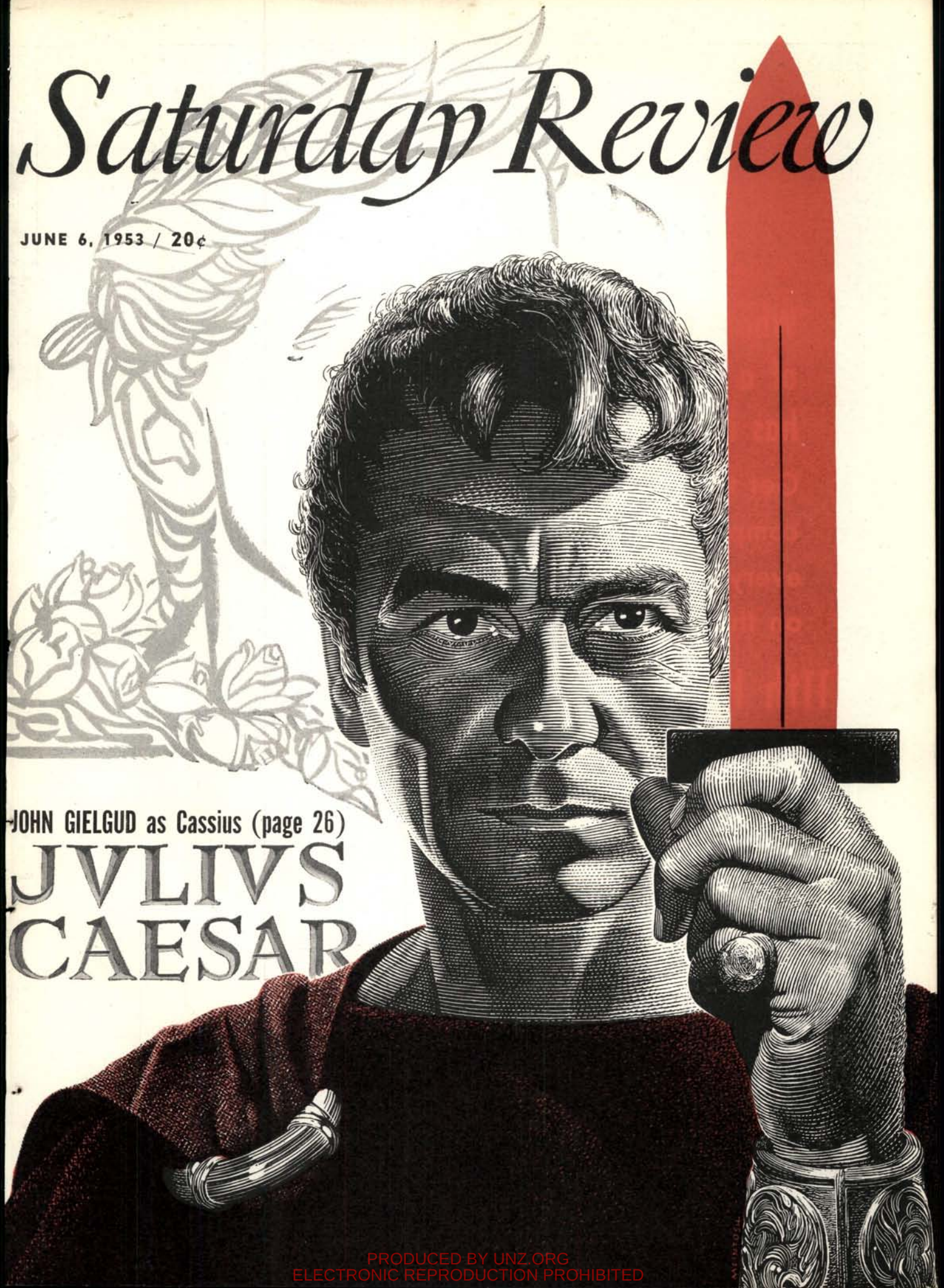
Saturday Review

JUNE 6, 1953 / 20¢



JOHN GIELGUD as Cassius (page 26)

JVLIVS CAESAR

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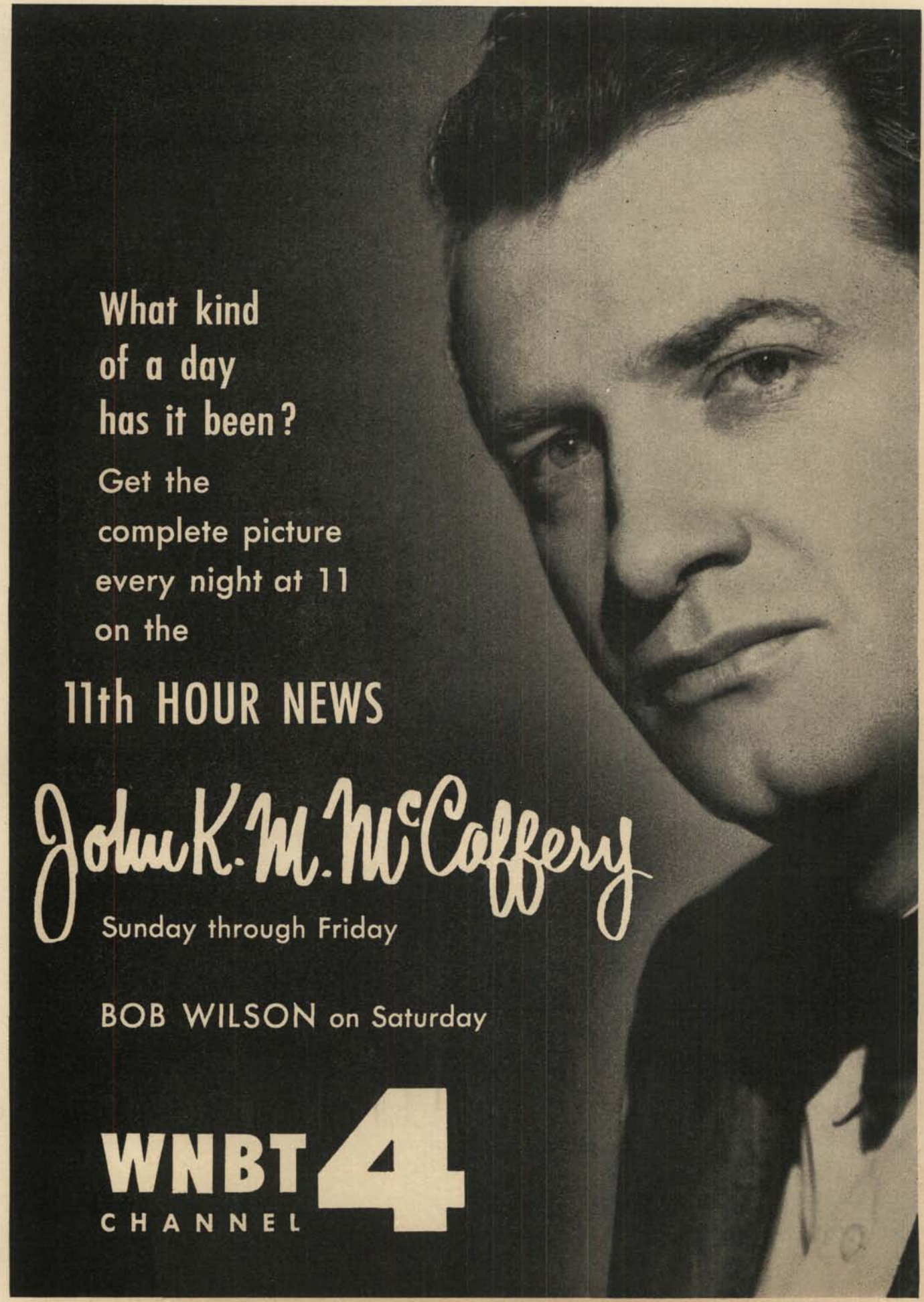

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Good News

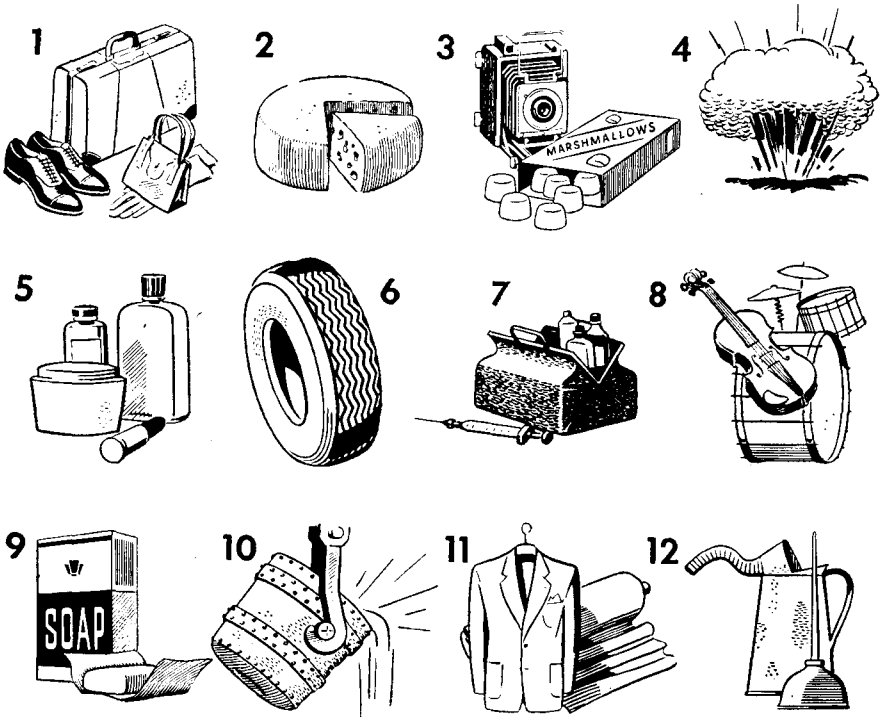
▶ Korea, torn and mangled by war, last week pledged a contribution of $1,000 to the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund —UNICEF. (There have been rumors that, in the interest of economy, there would be no United States contribution to UNICEF this year.)

▶ Kim Myong Kil is a Korean war orphan who shows up every day at the Seoul railway station as a kind of unofficial guide. He can often be seen leading a bewildered soldier to his proper car or place. Having learned a few English phrases, he will say, "Sir, if you will tell me where you want to go, sir, I will tell you what time your train leaves." Thus, functioning as a one-man Traveler's Aid Society, he has directed to their destinations many Koreans and Americans traveling through Seoul. Recently Corporal Paul Sheets of Sugar Grove, Ohio, who was in charge of the Reservation Booth at the station in Seoul, wrote to his mother telling her about Kim. Back came a letter offering to adopt the little Korean guide. Negotiations are under way to this end.

▶ Holland Flood Relief, Inc., reports that the goal it set for itself when disaster struck the Netherlands of February 5 has been far surpassed. Total contributions from Americans now amount to $1,340,529, or 200,000 guilders more than the 5,000,000 originally sought.

▶ Good news for all contemporary composers who have wilted beneath the scintillating scorn of carping critics may be discovered in Nicolas Slonimsky's "Lexicon of Musical Invective: Critical Assaults on Composers since Beethoven's Time," published by Coleman-Ross. Wrote John Ruskin of the mighty Beethoven in 1881: "Beethoven always sounds to me like the upsetting of bags of nails, with here and there a dropped hammer." Wrote Tchaikovsky of Brahms in 1886: "I played over the music of that scoundrel Brahms. What a giftless bastard!" Wrote the usually sedate *Boston Transcript* in 1898 of Mr. Tchaikovsky's "Pathetique Symphony": "It threads all the foul ditches and sewers of human despair; it is as unclean as music can be." Wrote the *London Daily Telegraph* of the great work of Schönberg: "Feeding time at the zoo!" Yet all these reign today in triumph throughout the world of music. So will what is truly great always triumph over the criticisms of lesser creatures and critics. —Donald Harrington.

How Do These 12 Things Affect The Price of MEAT?



ONLY about 50% of a meat animal is *meat*. But by saving "everything but the squeal" from *the other half*, meat packing companies are able to "cancel out" many of the costs of processing your meat.

By-products of meat packing are used to make, or to help make—every item on this page—and there are a dozen others for every one shown.

If there were no meat packing industry, with facilities for saving these by-products and making them available to other industries that need them, the full cost of the animal, and all the costs of processing it, would have to be recovered from the sale of the meat alone.

As it is, money from the sale of by-products frequently makes it possible for the meat packer to sell the beef from a steer *for less than was paid for the animal on the hoof.*

Did you know . . . that all these items help to bring your meat from farm to table at a lower service cost than almost any other food?

1. **Hides and skins for leather goods.**
2. **Rennet for cheese making.**
3. **Gelatin for marshmallows, photographic film, printers' rollers.**
4. **Glycerin for explosives used in mining and blasting.**
5. **Lanolin for cosmetics.**
6. **Chemicals for tires that run cooler.**
7. **Medicines such as insulin, pepsin, epinephrine, ACTH, cortisone . . . and surgical sutures.**
8. **Drumheads and violin strings.**
9. **Animal fats for soap.**
10. **Bone charcoal for high-grade steel, such as ball bearings.**
11. **Wool for clothing.**
12. **Special oils and organic chemicals widely used in industry.**

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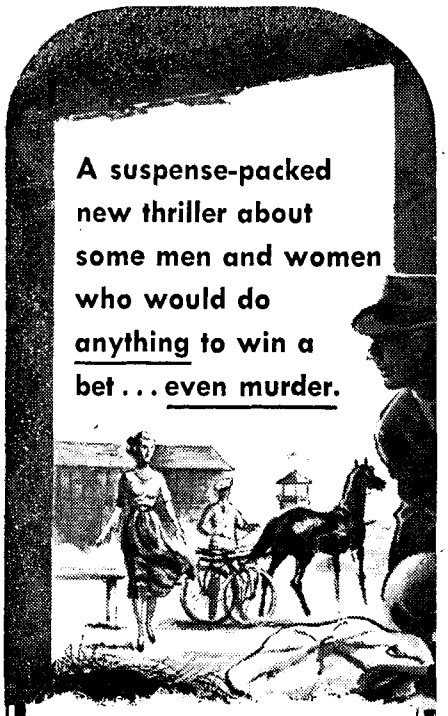

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The Saturday Review

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVI, No. 23, June 6, 1953. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1953 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

● ● Evil spirits are abroad in the world of printers' ink. They have forced the suspension entirely of *Quick* magazine and *Park East*, and reduced venerable *Collier's* to an every-other-week proposition. They have taken the once impeccable typography of one of TRADE WINDS' favorite newspapers, the *New York Herald Tribune*, and transformed it into the commonplace. (What the *Trib* should do, insist knowing outsiders who don't own any of the stock, is stop bucking the powerful *Times* and shift to evening publication, where it would soon predominate.) To get back to those evil spirits, they even braved the rarefied atmosphere of *The Saturday Review*, where they befuddled the make-up department for a few weeks into featuring in headlines the reviewers of books, but concealing the names of the books themselves (and the authors thereof) so effectively that even the FBI couldn't find them. *SR* readers liked the general improvements in the format, but didn't cotton to the book listings. Drastic reforms were undertaken on the double.

● ● In the Columbia School of Journalism, twelve aspiring writers in the graduating class have vowed that, times being what they are, they'll pen nary a discouraging word and confine their literary output to cheerful, heartwarming subjects. What they propose to be, in short, is chipper by the dozen.

● ● In Paris, Frank L. Rand was fortunate enough to be there or thereabouts when a lady tourist saw her sightseeing group riding away in a bus without her. After frantically consulting her pocket English-French dictionary, she took off in pursuit, shouting, "Hey, garçon! Wait! Attendez! Stoppez at once! Je suis gauche derrière!" The bus was caught in a traffic jam, the lady clambered aboard, and the guide was forgiven when he promptly assured her that her command of the French language was nothing short of spectacular.

● ● In her East End Avenue bassinette, Alison Knopf, born April 30, 1953, planned her first trip abroad to contact Borzoi authors for the summer of 1970. Her expanding father, Pat, meanwhile, had more immediate work in hand: the preliminary campaign for John Hersey's new novel, "The Marmot Drive," scheduled for November unveiling.

● ● In Corte Madera, California, novelist Henry Castor turned poet long enough to dash off the following:

"Ike" in the White House

Preceding Ike, five Presidents
Called Jim, took residence.
Two Franks and Andys, more or less,
One Tom, no Dicks, one Harry S.
Three Jacks and Bills their party led,
And Woody, Millie, Marty, Ted.
If dignity seems shot, don't glower—
His friends first shortened "Eisenhower."

● ● In Indianapolis, Bobbs-Merrill announced that B. A. Botkin's next collection, "The Folklore of Cities," will appear under their imprint. Previous books in this successful series were published by Crown.

● ● Heartening note for booklovers: the emphatic success of New American Library's 35¢ edition of "The Wonderful World of Books." When Alfred Stefferud undertook the editorship of this little volume, with the blessings and tangible assistance of the American Book Publishers' Council, his object was to open the eyes of 150 million non-book-reading Americans to the infinite treasures that were theirs for the taking on any library shelf. Several hundred thousand are at least looking over his bill of fare.

Some undoubtedly will eat. The Honorable George Miller, of California, has even spread the good word about "The Wonderful World of Books" across the pages of the *Congressional Record*!

● ● In Madison, Ralph Alan McCanse, of the University of Wisconsin, has undertaken a biography of Rose O'Neill, novelist, illustrator, and inventor of the Kewpie doll. He will appreciate any tid-bits TRADE WINDS readers may be able to supply.

● ● In New York, kindly Harry Hansen undertook to show the sights to a Nebraska farm girl who had never before in her life been east of the Wide Missouri River. A trip to the top of the Empire State Building would prove an eye-opener, figured Harry, so up they went. "Observe!" ordered the distinguished cicerone. "Down there is J. P. Morgan's house and the Chrysler Building. Northward looms Radio City and, beyond it, Central Park. There are Macy's emporium and the Great White Way. And yonder the *Queen Elizabeth* is picking her way down the Hudson, headed for the open sea!" The Nebraska lass observed all, then contributed her first remark to the festivities. "I guess," is what she said, "all towns look pretty much alike, don't they?"

● ● In New Orleans, Hodding Carter, Pulitzer Prize-winning editor of

"Quit worrying. Stegosaurus is a vegetarian . . ."

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the *Greenville* (Miss.) *Delta-Democrat-Times,* told assembled officials of the Association of American University Presses a new anecdote of William Faulkner's apprentice days. Seems Carter, by exercising all his persuasiveness and patience, induced the then-unknown Mr. F. to complete a small book the newspaper had contracted to publish. Faulkner proposed as a title "Dangling Clause from a Work in Progress." Carter took it upon himself to rename it "Notes on a Horsethief," and the book sold out.

● ● In Holland, Jan de Hartog, author of "The Distant Shore" and "The Fourposter," converted his ship (and home) into a floating hospital during the disastrous flood season, and won additional plaudits from grateful countrymen. His new novel, "The Spiral Road," however, will be delayed as a result. Harper's now announce it for winter publication.

● ● In Seattle, a citizen is complaining that his new set of the Encyclopedia Britannica cost him over eleven hundred dollars. He bought it from a New York mail-order outfit and marked his coupon "Rush"—so they sent it air mail.

● ● In Istanbul, Somerset Maugham told reporters, "I am almost eighty, and I have written my last novel, my last play, and my last story."

● ● In 1950, Ray Bradbury wrote a short novel called "The Fire Man." It is the story of a municipal agency in the year 1999 that comes to your house to *start* fires instead of putting them out. Let one neighbor accuse you of reading a subversive book—or any book at all for that matter—and the hose-bearing punishment squad comes roaring into your premises like a bat out of hell, squirts kerosene on your books, your house, and, not infrequently, on you yourself. Then a match is struck and, presumably, there's a happy ending. Way back in 1950, "The Fire Man" was labeled "science fiction." (Bradbury's latest collection of stories, "The Golden Apples of the Sun" [Doubleday], is top-drawer stuff.)

● ● In Scranton, Ken Milford, of Haddon Craftsmen, heard that Harcourt, Brace had signed William Schlamm to write a biography of Ambassador Clare Booth Luce, hastily suggested that they score a grand Schlamm by naming it "All the Luce That's Fit to Print."

● ● In his cubicle at the *Times,* pundit Charles Poore is penning a piece about Evelyn Waugh and the tempo of his characteristic prose. The title, naturally, will be "Waugh and Pace."

● ● In an "exclusive" item, Radie Harris reveals that Dorothy Parker, idle for far too long, has at last completed a new play. It's called "The Corridor," and is a story of some seedy females—lonely widows and divorcees who live alone in hotels—and don't like it. It should reach Broadway in the fall.

● ● In the Kansas City zoo, writes Bennett Schneider, a keeper in the wild-animal section has been fired for chronic forgetfulness. He couldn't remember his lions.

—Bennett Cerf.

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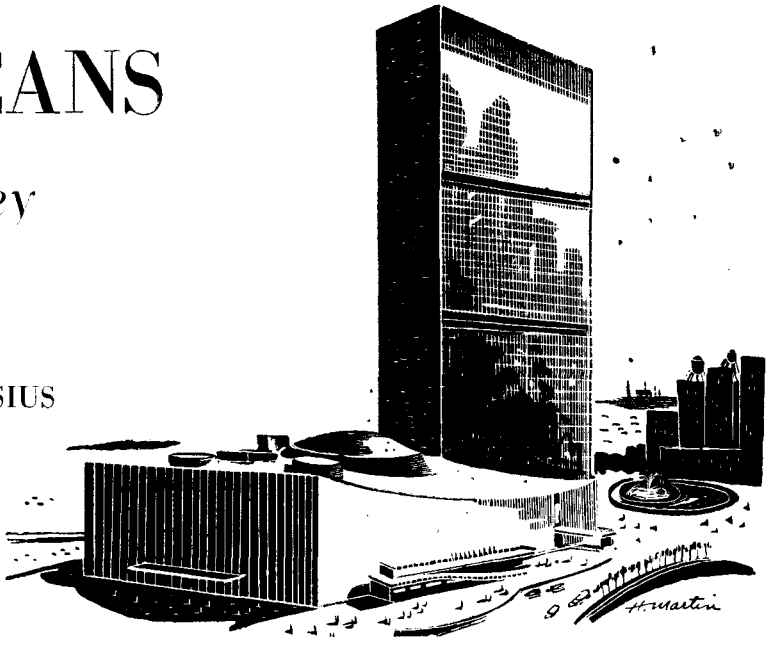
WHAT AMERICANS THINK . . . *when they think about the peace*



By ELMO ROPER and CAROLYN CRUSIUS

As a public-opinion analyst, Elmo Roper conducts surveys on a wide variety of subjects. Miss Carolyn Crusius is a research executive in Mr. Roper's firm.

IN March of this year, former Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts dedicated himself to making the United Nations work. Thirty-four years ago another Senator Henry Cabot Lodge—his grandfather—had just dedicated himself to killing the League of Nations. These two sentences do much to tell the story of what has happened to American isolationism since the close of World War I.

When President Wilson opened his campaign for the formation of a League of Nations in Boston in February 1919, he said, "But I talk as if there were any question. . . . I have no more doubt of the verdict of America in this matter than I have doubt of the blood that is in me." Less than two years later his arch political foe, Senator Lodge, was able to say, "The League of Nations is as dead as Marley's Ghost."

Since 1945, when the United Nations was founded, it has become an adage that Wilson was right—but right two generations too soon. How long he remains "right" in the sense that Americans continue to pursue their active participation in world affairs will depend a good deal on how deeply and permanently the American public has become committed to the role they have played in world affairs since the close of World War II. There has perhaps been no period in our history comparable to the thirty-four years that have elapsed since Senator Lodge began his successful fight against our joining the League of Nations to the time when his grandson was appointed special United States representative to the United Nations. Great events have taken place, and American public opinion has changed with them. But the pace has been fast, and an important question remains: Has the pace been too fast for the changes to endure?

It has never been completely clear exactly how widespread or how deep pro-League sentiment was among post-World War I Americans. At the time, estimates of the percentage of Americans favoring our entry into the League of Nations ran high, even estimates made by its opponents. Senator James Watson, who as Republican Whip worked closely with Lodge, estimated a good 80 per cent of the people. A *Literary Digest* poll of newspapers showed 718 for the League of Nations unconditionally; 478 for it conditionally; 181 against it. Certainly, Senator Lodge was enough convinced of the size of pro-League sentiment so that he never tried making a direct attack on the League of Nations.

The defeat of Cox by Harding in 1920 has sometimes been interpreted as a vote by the people against joining the League of Nations. The issue, however, was obscured by a number of things. Important among them was the statement written by Elihu Root and signed by such prominent pro-League Republicans as Henry Stimson, Herbert Hoover, and Charles Evans Hughes, expressing the opinion that the best way to insure our entry into the League of Nations was to elect Harding. Vice-President Coolidge often sounded very pro-League in his speeches during the campaign. In fact, after the election, Coolidge questioned whether the defeat of Cox was a mandate from the people not to enter the League.

BUT whatever may have been the degree of feeling for joining the League of Nations at the beginning of the Harding Administration, it rapidly succumbed to a state of anesthetization. By the time of the Davis-Coolidge campaign it was not even a live issue. We had entered a period of seeking peace by pacts—of keeping out of war by renouncing war and the tools of war. In succession came the Treaty for Limitation of Naval Armaments in 1921; the Locarno Peace Conference to insure peace and preserve the existing boundaries of nations; the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact signed by fifteen nations to outlaw war; and the Naval Arms Limitation Treaty of 1936 signed by the United States, Britain, France, Japan, and Italy.

Nor did the concept of our joining hands for concerted action with other nations spring quickly back into full bloom. In October 1935, two years after Hitler had become dictator and when Mussolini was poised to take over Ethiopia, we asked a

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cross section of the American public whether they would be for or against joining the League of Nations if it succeeded in averting war in Europe. Fifty-seven per cent of the people were against it; 30 per cent in favor; and the rest had no opinion. Nearly a majority (48 per cent) said at this time they would go so far as to join other nations in refusing to trade with an aggressor nation, but 41 per cent were definitely against our even taking this step.

There seems little doubt but what the middle generation—the generation between post-World War I and World War II—had become for the most part a generation of isolationists and pacifists. It was the time when it was not considered unpatriotic to promise you'd be a conscientious objector if war ever again broke out. The only thing for which people in 1935 said they would be willing to fight was an attack on our own shores. Only 24 per cent said they would be willing to fight for the Philippines; 17 per cent for an attack on Central or South America. The country was well ready for "keep-us-out" legislation such as the Johnson Act, which prohibited selling to debtor nations, and the Neutrality Act, which put an embargo on selling materials of war to any belligerents.

THE period between 1935 and 1940 was a mixed one characterized by outcroppings of international sentiment and a dying-down of pacifism and isolationism. The first stirrings of reawakened interest in our taking part in joint international action appeared after the compromise on Czechoslovakia made at Munich, when the pattern of events was rapidly becoming clearer to more and more people. Americans were anything but enthusiastic about Munich. Here is the assessment they made a month later, in November 1938, when asked which of these statements best expressed their feelings about the actions of England and France in the Czechoslovakian crisis:

	%
They should be strongly condemned	8
They made a foolish, short-sighted choice	19
It was too bad but it was the best thing to do under the circumstances	47
Their actions were highly commendable	12
Don't know	14

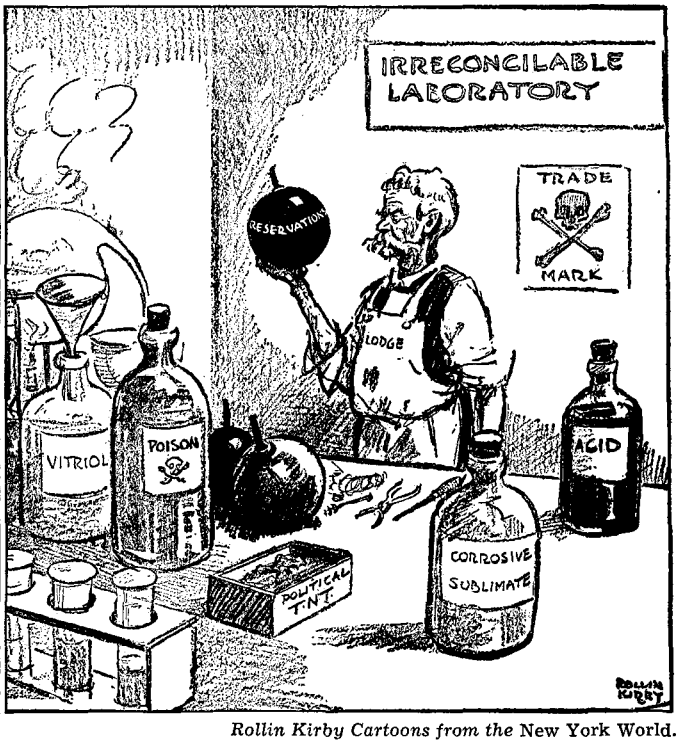
At the same time, a majority of 56 per cent expressed the opinion that the democratic powers, including the United States, should stand firm *at any cost* to prevent Hitler and Mussolini from taking any more territory. But just what was their concept of "stand firm at any cost" is not very clear. Only 28 per cent said they would be willing to have the United States go to England's aid if invaded; 22 per cent to France's aid. However, the percentage willing to fight if the Philippines were attacked had risen from 24 per cent in 1935 to 46 in 1938.

By the time Hitler marched into Poland, sides had already been taken—at least emotionally. As many as 84 per cent of the people were for the Allies; only 14 per cent were neutral or undecided. But we were still for keeping out of war. Only a few people were for getting into the war then, and then only if the Allies started to lose. Just a few more were for confining sales of war materials to the Allies. Most of the people either lined up behind the policy of cash-and-carry or else thought we should refuse to sell anything to either side. It should be pointed out, however, that this was at a time when only a handful of Americans thought Germany had a chance to win.

A CHANGE came in 1940 with German successes on the Continent and the British evacuation at Dunkirk. More Americans at this time foresaw a German victory than were hopeful about an Allied one. While Congress was still jockeying around with extensions of the Neutrality Act, and Roosevelt was seeking loopholes in it, two-thirds of the people had become committed to helping the Allies. Public opinion was squarely behind Roosevelt's decision to send England the fifty destroyers and his request to Congress to repeal the Neutrality Act.

By early 1941 there were few Americans left who would subscribe to the statement, "Those who think this is our war are wrong, and we should resist to the last ditch any move that would get us into it." In June 1941, 16 per cent gave us this

"Triumphal Entry Into Normalcy" (Apr. 14, 1921).



Rollin Kirby Cartoons from the New York World.

"The Bomb Maker" (May 15, 1923).

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answer, and the figure had dropped to 13 per cent by October.

In October, just before Pearl Harbor, about three-fourths of Americans had become convinced the Allies were going to win the war somehow—and the "somehow" clearly involved the United States. With the recognition of the war as "our war" attention turned to what our role in the world would be when the war was over. Fifty-eight per cent were looking forward to the United States playing a larger part in world affairs after the war than before the war, and 35 per cent had already begun to think in terms of forming a union of Democracies.

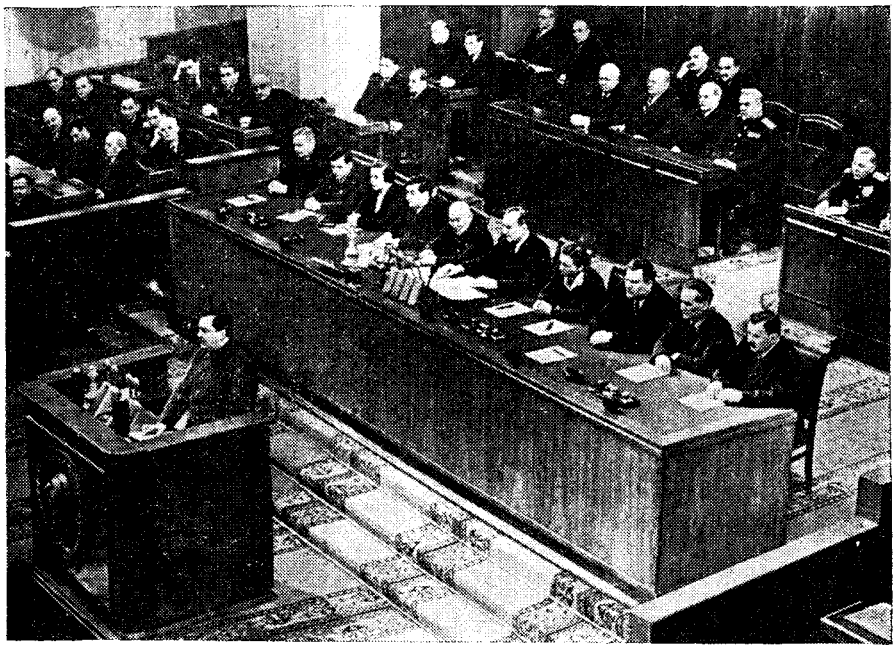
But not until we were actually in the fighting did the concept of the United States taking an active part in some sort of international organization become consolidated. Once started, it moved fast. By early 1943, the country was well committed to an international point of view. Seventy-seven per cent had come to believe we should play a larger part in world affairs after the war; and 57 per cent were in favor of our taking an active part in some sort of international organization. By the end of 1943, after the Teheran conference, 68 per cent were in favor of our joining an international organization—and one with real powers.

Of course, it was one thing for people to say they favored setting up an international organization and possibly quite another for them to mean it enough to carry through when the problems of actual organization commenced. The hurdle, as everyone knew, lay in the extent to which Americans, as well as people of other nations, were willing to give the United Nations real powers. The rock the League of Nations had foundered on in 1919 was primarily sovereign rights. Senator Lodge was able to make his fight in Congress against the League with his "reservations"—reservations that never directly questioned the desirability of a League of Nations but that questioned our giving up any sovereign rights.

WHATEVER may have been the support among the rank and file of the people for Senator Lodge's reservations in 1919, there was little support for a "do-nothing League" among supporters of international organization in 1943. When people turned to international organization, they wanted one with teeth in it. In a nation-wide survey in 1943, we presented people who were in favor of an international organization with the following list of powers and asked them to select those they thought it should

(*Continued on page* 30)

RUSSIA



—*Sovfoto.*

Malenkov addressing the Supreme Soviet, with members of the Presidium as background.

Chieftain of the Commissars

By Sidney Harcave

The shadowy man who, nominally at least, has taken Stalin's place is the subject of two new biographies: ***Robert Frazier's "Malenkov"*** *(Lion Books. 159 pp. 25¢) and* ***Martin Ebon's "Malenkov: Stalin's Successor"*** *(McGraw-Hill. 284 pp. $3.75). Mr. Harcave, who teaches at Champlain College, weighs their merits.*

FOR years before the death of Stalin, experts had been garnering data on every man considered a likely successor to him. Yet, when Georgi Maximilianovich Malenkov moved up to that distinction, none was ready with information adequate for a full portrayal of the new Soviet Premier.

That lack may be charged not to any want of diligence in research or reporting, but to the official impersonality of Soviet leaders. The only admissable excuse for the invasion of their privacy is death—and then only in case of a "respectable" death. Even collecting the few published facts is a task of many sighs. There is no Soviet "Who's Who." The researcher must rely on his luck with official calendars, dictionaries, and encyclopedias, all of which are subject to frequent revision as the Party line and official lineage change. In the case of Malenkov, that is very lean luck.

Malenkov missed inclusion in the first edition of the "Great Soviet Encyclopedia" because of his obscurity, and the second edition has not yet reached the letter *M*. The only passable Soviet biographical entry for him is a brief one in the "Political Dictionary," published in 1940. All of the Soviet source material on his life, if edited to eliminate repetition, would fill no more than five pages. The printed firsthand reports on his personal life would take little more. The texts of his speeches and articles would be contained in a thin volume, and the major part of that would be taken up by his five-hour report to the 1952 Party Congress. Memoirs: None. Interviews: None. Published letters: None. All told, an unpromising beginning for a biography. Certainly the facts are few. On the other hand, the temptations and the opportunities for conjecture, speculation, and pure invention are many.

RESPECT is due anyone who, despite the obstacles, has undertaken to prepare a biography of Malenkov for publication within a few weeks after Stalin's death. Robert Frazier accepted a commission for such an undertaking to be completed *"as quickly as was humanly possible,"* and his accomplishment is now available in a paper-backed book, "Malenkov." Martin Ebon has completed a study be-

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gun well in advance of the period of urgency and incorporated the results in "Malenkov: Stalin's Successor."

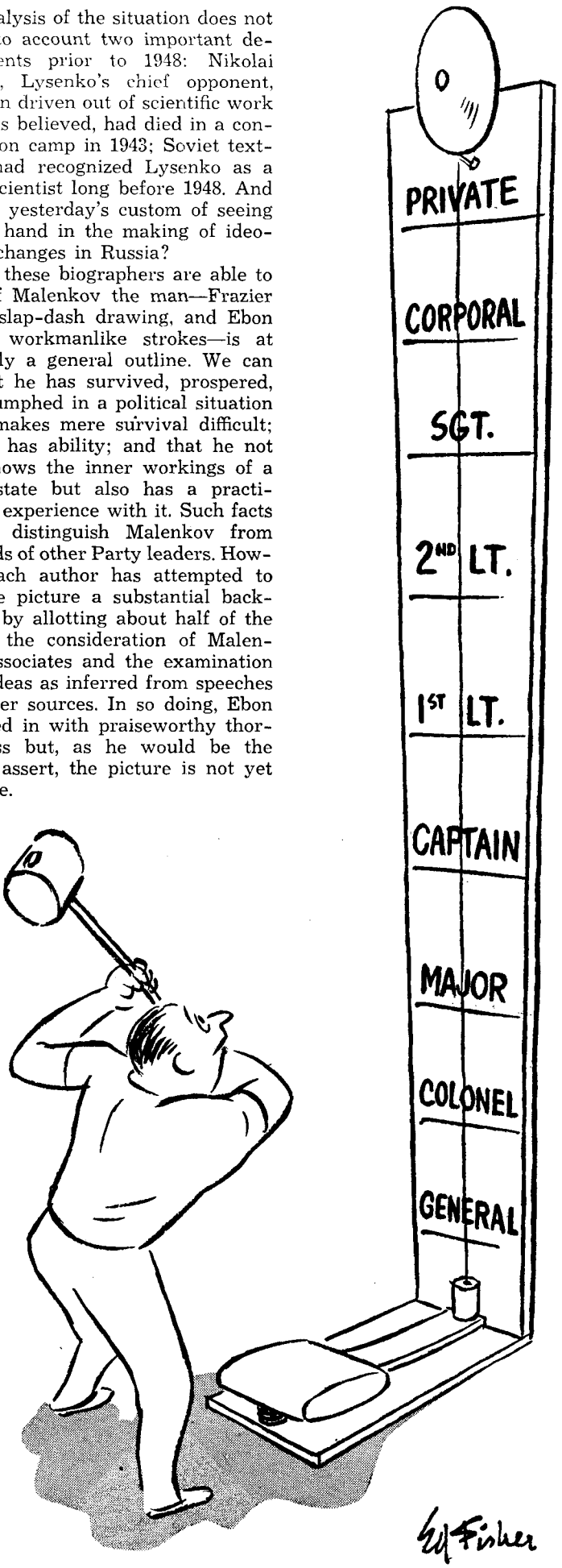
Of the two, Frazier's book is the more sensational and the less indicative of planned research and seasoned thought. Its staccato pace leaves the reader breathless: "Now, like a snarling wolf who has fanged his way to the top of his pack, Malenkov must defend his flanks." And its adherence to the works of others is often so close as to give it the aspect of a compilation, sometimes without source credit —as in the case of some passages which bear an extremely close resemblance to passages in Walter Duranty's "Stalin & Co." Ebon's work, for the most part, fulfils the author's stated intention "to provide an accurate presentation of fact and a tentative analysis . . ."

Both authors credit the Voice of America expert Lazar Pistrak for material from one of his reports, in which he rounded out the sparse official data on Malenkov with cautious interpolations. In adding to that material Ebon is careful but often bolder than Pistrak, particularly in dealing with postwar years.

The particular difficulties which these biographers face are illustrated by the problem of Malenkov's ancestry. The record gives his place of birth, Orenburg, but includes nothing about his parentage. Ebon argues from the absence of data and from Malenkov's invidious remarks concerning those who stress genealogy that the new Premier lacks the Soviet-approved lower-class background. Frazier, without citing authority, states: "His father, Captain Maximilian Malenkov, was a Czarist Cossack officer known as the 'Butcher of Orenburg' because of the sadistic enthusiasm with which he persecuted and slaughtered Jews." And, since their books went to press, both have probably puzzled over the recent allegedly valid report that Maximilian was actually a railroad worker.

AS FOR interpretation, Frazier's is a provoking but not a convincing one. Ebon's is broad and usually considered. His estimate of Malenkov as *the* second-generation Soviet Communist, power-ridden, disenchanted of ideology, and contemptuous of human values, is well supported. But at some points in his interpretation he overlooks certain historical facts; for instance, in his explanation of the triumph of Lysenko's anti-geneticist views in 1948 as only a follow-up operation after Malenkov's victory over his rival Zhdanov. Since Lysenko's views suited Malenkov, goes the argument, Lysenko was rewarded. This analysis of the situation does not take into account two important developments prior to 1948: Nikolai Vavilov, Lysenko's chief opponent, had been driven out of scientific work and, it is believed, had died in a concentration camp in 1943; Soviet textbooks had recognized Lysenko as a major scientist long before 1948. And what of yesterday's custom of seeing Stalin's hand in the making of ideological changes in Russia?

What these biographers are able to show of Malenkov the man—Frazier by his slap-dash drawing, and Ebon by his workmanlike strokes—is at best only a general outline. We can see that he has survived, prospered, and triumphed in a political situation which makes mere survival difficult; that he has ability; and that he not only knows the inner workings of a police state but also has a practitioner's experience with it. Such facts do not distinguish Malenkov from hundreds of other Party leaders. However, each author has attempted to give the picture a substantial background by allotting about half of the text to the consideration of Malenkov's associates and the examination of his ideas as inferred from speeches and other sources. In so doing, Ebon has filled in with praiseworthy thoroughness but, as he would be the first to assert, the picture is not yet complete.



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The Proletariat at Home

By Leigh White

"A Window on Red Square," by Frank Rounds, Jr. *(Houghton Mifflin. 304 pp. $3) will tell you more about life in present-day Russia than any other book he has read, writes Mr. White, a correspondent in Russia in 1944-45 and author of "Balkan Caesar: Tito Versus Stalin."*

FRANK ROUNDS, JR., is a former editor of the press translation bureau of the American and British embassies in Moscow, and his book, "A Window on Red Square," is a diary covering thirteen months of his life in Russia between January 1951 and June 1952. I heartily recommend it, not only to those who have never been to Russia, but also to those who have been there and who like, as I do, to keep up with the changes that have or, rather, haven't occurred since we were there.

Remember all the glowing reports about new construction in the Soviet Union? Rounds observes on August 7, 1951: "There is an awful lot of uncontrolled talk in the controlled press about postwar progress in housing—but I have noticed hardly any new scaffolding on the skyline." Rooms, it seems, are just as scarce as they ever were, and apartments are still out of the question for any but the highest poobahs of the Communist Party. Although Moscow University is now housed in a skyscraper surmounted by the largest red neon star in the world, the Palace of Soviets is apparently still a large hole in the ground.

How many automobiles have been manufactured for private use in the Soviet Union since the end of the Second World War? It's a military secret, of course, but in his entry for January 9, 1952, Rounds quotes two significant newspaper articles. In 1951, according to one of them, the inhabitants of Krasnodar, a territory in Northwestern Caucasia, bought 400 automobiles, 213 motorcycles, and 951 bicycles. Krasnodar's population is now about 3,500,000. In the other article, nine people are proudly named as the purchasers of automobiles from the one and only distributing agency serving the needs of the entire Moscow *oblast,* or district, whose population is now about 8,000,000.

On February 23, 1952, Rounds spent the afternoon in the Lenin Library. He had no trouble obtaining a library card, but he was not allowed to consult the complete catalogue, if any, and was thus unable to determine whether the library is, or is not, as Soviet propagandists would like us to believe, the largest library in the world. (It was once alleged to possess 9,000,000 "volumes," presumably including every speech and pamphlet ever published by every unpurged spokesman of the Communist Party; now, according to Rounds, the figure has been raised to 15,000,000 "volumes.") The only catalogue he was allowed to consult consisted of "two or three shelves of cards," and, though he asked for eight different books, "not one of them was available."

On November 12, 1951, Rounds makes the following entry: "Newcomers to Moscow—especially Americans—are always surprised to find that there is now television in the Soviet Union. . . . There are varying estimates as to the number of television receivers . . . but, in my opinion, the best guess is approximately 17,000. . . ." How does he arrive at such a figure, given the absence of genuine statistics? By scanning the Moscow skyline, he says, and estimating that there were slightly more than twice as many television antennae visible than there were on the day it was officially announced that 8,000 Muscovites were enjoying the benefits of this great new "Russian" invention.

The Hate-America campaign was going full blast when Rounds was in Russia, although it now appears to have been toned down, for the time being, at any rate, in the hope of allaying our suspicions until the successors to J. V. Stalin & Company can put some new wares in their political and military show windows. In the meantime, in spite or because of the grotesquely venomous nature of the anti-American plays and books produced in Russia, most inhabitants of the Soviet Union are still as friendly to stray Americans as the ubiquitous police will let them be—which isn't very friendly, but which isn't very hostile, either. As Rounds remarks, in his entry for August 11, 1951, "The Party line has been shifted so often that the average Russian by this time is often quite immune to poison. And so, really, I shouldn't be too surprised that the Russians do not, indeed, act as though they hated me in the prescribed manner."

ROUNDS, an indefatigable tourist, managed to visit more national monuments in the vicinity of Moscow and Leningrad than I, for one, would have cared to visit; but in so doing he managed to establish fleeting relationships with more Soviet subjects than he would have been able to establish, shadowed as he was wherever he went, in any other way. His enthusiasm for the Moscow ballet is as exaggerated as that of most American visitors to Russia, as is his estimation of the "high cultural level" of the musical fare offered to the infinitesimal portion of Soviet subjects who are permitted to possess radio and television receivers. But these are

—*Sovfoto.*

Red Square—"hardly any new scaffolding on the skyline."

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minor flaws in a book by a shrewd observer of Soviet life, who has a good eye for significant details, and who has had the good sense to jot them down and serve them up in the form of a diary that any Russian hand, myself included, would be proud to have written, and which I hope a lot of people, other Russian hands included, read. For "A Window on Red Square" will tell you more about what life in Russia is really like than anything else I have read on the subject since I left Russia eight years ago.

Flood-tide of Dictatorship

By Alexander Dallin

The tensions dividing contemporary Russia are described in readable if not very penetrating fashion by ***Robert Magidoff*** *in* ***"The Kremlin vs. the People"*** *(Doubleday. 288 pp. $3.50). Mr. Dallin, who reviews it below, is associate director of the Research Program on the USSR, a project sponsored by the Ford Foundation.*

THE domestic history of the Soviet era may well be viewed as a continual tug-of-war between the "authorities" and the masses. This "cold civil war" inside Russia is the subject of "The Kremlin Vs. the People," by Robert Magidoff, who spent a dozen years in the USSR as a newspaperman until his expulsion as a "spy" some five years ago.

The Soviet drive for molding a monolithic society did not stop even after all opposition parties, Communist "deviationists," and potential "traitors" were purged; after gentry, bourgeoisie, and wealthy peasants were "liquidated as a class." The Second World War, Mr. Magidoff correctly points out, bared the deep fissures that remained in the fabric of Soviet society. Hundreds of thousands of refugees testified to the "tensions, weaknesses, and discontent inside the Soviet Union." Behind the Soviet lines the Kremlin, engaged in a desperate struggle for survival, was constrained to resurrect devices and slogans it had once despised and combatted. As soon as the leash was loosened, the people "fell back on nationalism, the 'capitalist incentives' for improving one's own lot, religious faith, and a spirit of liberalism in the arts and sciences."

No sooner had the war ended than the brief intermission of toleration came to an end. Rid of the external foe, aware of the heretic tendencies in its own midst, the regime instituted a new "cold civil war" as a necessary and integral counterpart to its international offensive.

Occasionally drawing on his own experiences in Russia, Mr. Magidoff presents a well-informed and balanced, though largely unoriginal, account of the postwar years in the Soviet Union: the drive against the property instincts of the peasants; the tightening of the vise in all fields of cultural and intellectual endeavor; the struggle against "bourgeois nationalists" in the non-Russian areas; the glorification of the rulers; and the partial absorption of Russian patriotic and religious symbols in a peculiar amalgam prescribed and controlled by the Party.

Among all the internal problems with which the regime has to contend, the peasantry constitutes "the only major force that has ever openly dared to challenge the Kremlin." In political terms Soviet agrarian policy has been one of calculated advance; yet only last year Moscow was compelled to beat another hasty retreat from its efforts to make "rural proletarians" of the peasants and transform the collective farms into tightly controlled "agro-cities."

Rural discontent continues, but the peasantry—just as the workers—are probably not the social group that would take the lead in any domestic upheaval. In case of a new revolution, Mr. Magidoff maintains, the intelligentsia would again provide "the leadership, the ideas, the oratory, the fervor, and the organizational skill."

The only answer which the Kremlin can find to its quest for total control at home is to breed a "new Soviet man"—a devoted and unswervingly loyal robot who anticipates the regime's every demand, never questions its sagacity, and toils unselfishly for the greater glory of his leaders and fatherland and for the vacuous promise of a better day-after-tomorrow. The author is well justified in insisting that the "creation of this modern Frankenstein . . . is a long way from accomplishment." By its own policy the regime continues to generate new resentment and resistance—and thus makes the state machine, with its apparatus of persuasion and coercion, a perpetual imperative of government's survival.

The Soviet leaders have learned a good deal since their earlier days of primitive retribution. Today they capitalize on patriotic and religious themes; throwing equalitarianism to the wind, they give a privileged layer a material and psychological stake in the survival of the regime; present-day lambasting in the intellectual disciplines often leads not to physical extermination but to an opportunity for the artist to mend his ways. Mr. Magidoff seeks to show that, within limits, this practice has given the regime the benefit of the (albeit inhibited) talent of some of its greatest writers and composers. On the other hand, the silencing of such figures as Sholokhov, Pasternak, and Akhmatova well illustrates the price of "taming the arts."

The strength of the Soviet regime, Mr. Magidoff avers, is due in large measure to the isolation of the Soviet people from the West and the effectiveness of Soviet propaganda, far superior to our efforts which continue to be based on the "naive conception that a few techniques of salesmanship and advertising can move emotional and ideological mountains." The greatest chinks in the Soviet armor, on the other hand, are the shortage of consumer goods, the use of forced labor on a mass scale, discontent in the satellite states, and above all the "demoralization of human relationships, the crucifixion of the dignity of man."

Mr. Magidoff's analysis is eminently sound and readable. It adds little to what the specialist knows but provides the reader with a systematic survey of the Soviet domestic scene in the postwar years. Unfortunately, the author's sociological lens is not always as sharply focused as his reporter's eye. His treatment of the "elite" and "middle class" is somewhat inadequate and confusing. If the dichotomy into "Kremlin" and "people" is substantially correct and effective as a slogan, there remains the problem of classifying the many elements—such as Party, State, and even MGB officials—who have a vested interest in the regime but might nonetheless defect in a moment of crisis. Are they agents of the "Kremlin" or part of the "people"? There is little reference to differences at the apex of the power pyramid. Distinctions in terms of age groups are omitted.

Mr. Magidoff makes a convincing case for his thesis that the "cold civil war" continues to rage unabated and—herein lies the hopes for the future—that tyranny sows the seeds of its own destruction.

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A Plan for Victory

By George Fischer

The title of ***Oleg Anisimov's*** *new book* ***"The Ultimate Weapon"*** *(Henry Regnery. 163 pp. $3.50) refers to psychological warfare. Mr. Fischer, who is the author of "Soviet Opposition to Stalin," here considers Mr. Anisimov's plea for using it in our Cold War with the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.*

IS THERE any sense to the current American vogue for "liberating" the Soviet world through psychological warfare?

Oleg Anisimov believes that there is. His book, "The Ultimate Weapon," is devoted to an exposition of psychological warfare and of its potentials for the Soviet Union, Western Europe, and the United States. Dr. Anisimov is a former schoolteacher who left his native Russia at the age of fourteen, in 1922. Three decades later, after living in the Baltic, France, and Germany, he joined the psychological warfare staff of the State Department in New York.

For at least a decade the Russian-speaking author had extensive and intimate contacts with Soviet citizens during and since World War II. He met them first in the Soviet-annexed Baltic and later in German-occupied areas of the USSR, under wartime German jurisdiction, and in postwar Western Germany as displaced persons and recent escapees. Almost half of "The Ultimate Weapon" deals with the new Soviet individual, his mentality, and his anti-Soviet potential. Mr. Anisimov's sympathetic and often shrewd insights underline the Soviet individual's important ambivalence between anti-Soviet longings for freedom and a complete acceptance of innumerable facets and tenets of the Soviet way of life.

Yet alongside with these suggestive insights, "The Ultimate Weapon" is dominated by the same theme as are psychological warfare enthusiasts in and out of Washington and among Mr. Anisimov's fellow-emigré anti-Communists.

Both of these groups believe that Soviet strategy is capturing all the commanding heights of the Cold War. They add that the United States can reverse this trend—but only through all-out psychological warfare, or what Mr. Anisimov calls "the ultimate weapon."

Has the USSR been quite as triumphant and daemonically skilful abroad as is claimed? And is psychological warfare nearly as feasible and irresistible a weapon? On these two crucial questions neither Mr. Anisimov nor earlier psychological warfare advocates have established the affirmative conclusively. Until they do, wishful thinking alone can obscure the all-important fact that propaganda—the old-fashioned name for psychological warfare—can further American interests only as a partner, a fairly junior partner. Other forces will remain uppermost both in peace and in war—endlessly complex and slow-moving spiritual, diplomatic, economic, and military forces. It follows that no propaganda is ever likely by itself to represent a genuine solution to the Cold War, be it psychological warfare or Soviet "peace offensives."

In "The Ultimate Weapon" Mr. Anisimov's special plea is for "militant democratic internationalism." But his book differs only in detail from the one-sided solution to the Cold War urged by American and emigré enthusiasts of psychological warfare. This is a pity. Some portions of Mr. Anisimov's book deserve a better fate.

In its present very brief form, however, "The Ultimate Weapon" is merely one more psychological warfare panacea.

Survival

By Evelyn Scott

WE LIVING have been
banished
From the fish-cold wonders
of the plan
To serve the lusting brute
and slay the man;
And yet we dare to scan
askance
An age apotheosized as it
counts
Its angels, not on
needle-points,
But upon girders, joists and
joints,
Imprisoning nature in an empty
span.
For caught within these metal
toils
Is something false perfection
cannot render *nil!*
Mute as Laocoon in these steely
coils,
It proves itself in silence,
still,
And even as these ugly
times despoil the heart,
Bespeaks Creation, *Will!*

Endurance and Miracle

By Karl Jaspers

Two decades ago Dr. Jaspers, one of the foremost living philosophers, escaped from Hitler's Reich and today is professor of philosophy at the University of Basel. In the following essay-review he appraises the testament of faith of a refugee from another totalitarianism: ***"The Captive Mind," by Czeslaw Milosz*** *(translated by Jane Zielenko. Knopf. 251 pp. $3.50). Now forty-two, Milosz is one of the best-known modern Polish poets. During the war he was active in the Warsaw underground and subsequently served abroad in the diplomatic service of the Polish Government. He broke with Warsaw in February 1951 and now resides in Paris, working as a free-lance.*

THE essays of Czeslaw Milosz brought together in a volume entitled "The Captive Mind," constitute at the same time a significant historical document and analysis of the highest order. Enslavement of spirit under totalitarian regimes is manifested outwardly in turns of expression, gesture, and daily conduct, and inwardly by perceptible transformations in the individual. These things Germans experienced during the era of National Socialism, and perhaps Germans will be affected more than other Western peoples by Mr. Milosz's truly absorbing account of similar phenomena among the democracies of the East, particularly Poland, and will view with special interest the Polish variation of a familiar pattern.

Here is true discernment of issues usually regarded under the stark alternatives of falsehood and truth, betrayal or resistance. In astonishing gradations Milosz shows what happens to men subjected simultaneously to constant threat of annihilation and to the promptings of faith in a historical necessity which exerts apparently irresistible force and achieves enormous success. We are presented with a vivid picture of the forms of concealment, of inner transformation, of the sudden bolt to conversion, of the cleavage of man into two. We see through his essays, the monstrous result and the monstrous confusion of the totality of this world: we see the actualization of a thing which seems to Western man impossible and hence

(*Continued on page* 30)

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The Dance of Dissolution

By Robert Pick

The decaying world of Francis Joseph is skilfully depicted in ***Robert Musil's "The Man Without Qualities"*** *(translated by Eithne Wilkins and Ernst Kaiser. Coward-McCann. 365 pp. $4), here reviewed by an Austrian-born novelist and critic.*

IN 1900 Francis Joseph was seventy years old; and the unique character of his multinational country made even the loyal among his subjects wonder at times about its chances of surviving his death. The feeling that an age was coming to an end was not, of course, confined to the Hapsburg monarchy. It was present in the turn-of-the-century literature everywhere in Europe. But so, in most cases, was a vision of the "new age." In Francis Joseph's empire, that vision was no longer tied to the country's historical structure. Trust in the state, which to a certain degree had filled the vacuum created by the weakening of transcendental belief in the eighteenth century, by the beginning of the twentieth had withered in Austria. The decay of that trust could only make the awareness of the isolation of secularized man doubly poignant. It is no coincidence that both Rilke and Kafka were subjects of the aged Francis Joseph. And, for that matter, Freud. The "age of anxiety" first became visible in the Hapsburg monarchy.

One of the telltale peculiarities of the closing decades of the era of Francis Joseph was the widespread preoccupation with *Staatsgedanke*, the "idea of the empire"—a concern that resulted in the pathetic spectacle of an ancient great power searching for its own *raison d'être*. That curious search is one of the themes of Robert Musil's extraordinary novel, "The Man Without Qualities."

Its time is 1913, its place Vienna. A committee has been formed for the purpose of organizing the Emperor's seventieth jubilee, to be held in 1918. No thought of a possible demise of the aged gentleman (he is eighty-three in 1913) adumbrates the determination of the committee to go ahead. First of all a "theme," commensurate to the greatness of the occasion, must be found and agreed on. Since the German Kaiser's thirtieth jubilee will also be held in 1918, a competitive element enters the Vienna plans. But a "theme," an "idea," never turns up.

As in the case of many passages in Kafka, the scenes dealing with this immobile committee may be read as satire. But the members of the committee are not funny; although they are engaged in what in retrospect seems a very foolish enterprise, they themselves are not foolish people. Most certainly Ulrich, the honorary secretary of the committee, is no fool. This is the most characteristic of the Austrian phenomena which the novel brings out: in Austria, the whole was less than the sum of its parts.

ULRICH, then—the "man without qualities"—is an ex-cavalry subaltern, a civil engineer, and the son of a moneyed, high-ranking civil servant. The comfortable circumstances of his life, his lack of a profession, and his various love affairs might at first tempt the reader to "recognize" a Vienna familiar to him from Austrian turn-of-the-century fiction, to say nothing of musical-comedy and movie nonsense. In actual fact, Ulrich is a very serious young man, without a single trace of the ready melancholy, the cynicism, or the frivolity of the heroes of that older genre. Presented by methods a world apart from the trodden paths of modern psychology, Ulrich emerges as a genuinely free man—for, as Ignazio Silone put it, "only he who thinks with his own head is free."

This was Robert Musil's own freedom. He was one of the most independent thinkers ever to choose the medium of fiction. A mathematician by training, he is also the man who improved the Newtonian chromatometer which, containing the colors of the spectrum, turns white when it revolves fast enough. Hence, so it has been suggested, the intriguing title of his novel.

It would be nonsense to suggest to a reader that he will find in this book,

THE AUTHOR: To 99,999 out of every 100,000 Americans, Robert Musil is "Robert *who*?" Obviously, that's a question that should be answered posthaste, what with Musil's name beginning to crop up repeatedly now that his *chef-d'oeuvre* has at last been translated from German into English. Of the few persons who knew Musil (an Austrian, he died in Geneva in 1942, aged sixty-one), perhaps the best off-the-cuff biographer is Mrs. Anne Rosenthal, of Philadelphia, his stepdaughter. "Musil himself had not the slightest doubt about his own value," she recalled the other day. "He knew his books would live when the 'best sellers' would be long forgotten. That real recognition might take a hundred years did not bother him. I well remember how he used to say my children would reap the fruits of his work and to remind me of Stendhal, whose revival after one hundred years as foretold by himself had come true. It did not take him that long," she said, "only Musil is not here to see the reviews which made the English edition, published in March, a literary success." (The Nazis, way back, recognized Musil's worth by banning his books, a factor which drove them into a kind of honorary obscurity.) Musil's first novel appeared when he was twenty-six, living in Berlin. Its warm reception decided his future, and on the spot he turned down several bids to make a career as an academic philosopher. Musil had a variety of educations—military, engineering, philosophy—just as he had had a variety of jobs—editor, civil servant, drama critic. "But even a part-time job as a librarian in Vienna," Mrs. Rosenthal remembered, "proved to be so damaging to his writing that it had to be given up." What ultimately enabled Musil to remain at his desk, his mind relatively free of money worries, was something called the Musil-Gesellschaft. It was made up of persons who contributed toward Musil's support, support which Musil accepted, as one account put it, "as an obligation owed to the artist." Today that investment is again paying off. —BERNARD KALB.

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brilliantly translated by Eithne Wilkins and Ernst Kaiser, a neatly tied up story. E. M. Forster's famous definition of the whole corpus of novel writing—"an amorphous tract bounded by two chains of mountains neither of which rises very abruptly, the opposing ranges of Poetry and History, and bounded on the third side by a sea . . ."—this definition may well be applied to this work alone. Yet, while the structure of Musil's book appears amorphous, his writing is not. It is uncannily accurate in its every line. Unlike nearly all the Continental end-of-an-age novelists, Robert Musil is not a gloomy writer. Often he is very amusing.

PERHAPS the most remarkable feature in the book is the tenderly humorous treatment of the one character bound to puzzle the reader a good deal in the beginning: Moosbrugger, the sex maniac on trial for murder. This *lumpen* petty-bourgeois, whose speech is heir to every late-nineteenth-century cliché, is not in the novel merely because of the peculiar interest Ulrich takes in him. Is he a lunatic? He keeps talking about a feeling he has that the world is "too tight" for him . . .

It surely is not too tight for the great man of the world who is the other character that stands, thematically, outside of the committee circle. Dr. Arnheim is a Prussian industrialist of fabulous wealth, a philosopher as confused (or pretending to be confused) as he is confusing, a scientist of a sort, and a poetic thinker, who in the end comes to be the one man to attract the beautiful and ambitious Diotima, the driving power of the committee and a cousin of Ulrich's he does not remain indifferent to himself. It is futile to look for straight allegory in Musil's novel; yet it is permissible to speculate whether these two disparate "outsider" characters might not be seen as the two alternatives to the unmoving, seemingly foolish society and its vain search for an "idea."

Stephen Hudson, the British novelist, once told me about his first reaction to Proust. "It was," he said, "very much like the experience which horsemen had around 1900, when, seeing the first snapshots of horses in trot and gallop, they at last found out how horses actually moved." Some of that experience is for the cooperative reader in this novel. Musil is no Proust. But just as Proust's work is immeasurably more than a fictional treatment of the decadence of high French society, so Musil's "Man Without Qualities" offers far more than a picture of the deceptively becalmed closing year of the world of Francis Joseph.

Cruise of a Jealous Husband

By Harrison Smith

Mr. Smith, skipper of a thirty-five-foot sloop in which he plies Long Island Sound summer weekends, recommends ***J. M. Scott's "Heather Mary"*** *(E. P. Dutton, 224 pp. $3) as a story of a transatlantic cruise that will excite yachtsmen and landlubbers alike.*

WHEN an Englishman who has been an explorer, mountain climber, and seagoing yachtsman turns in his middle age to the gentler pursuit of writing novels of adventure, something extraordinary is likely to emerge. Anyone who has ever cruised offshore on a small yacht will recognize that the author of "Heather Mary" could be trusted to sail through a half a dozen hurricanes and arrive with his crew safely at his destination. J. M. Scott has managed in a novel that is absorbing, and at times terrifying, to include all the techniques and daily incidents of a long cruise, so fascinating to yachtsmen and often so boring to landlubbers, without losing the interest of his readers.

Richard Charrington, a prisoner of the Germans for four war years, sets out in his twenty-ton yawl from England to sail to Bermuda. He has selected four acquaintances to go with him, and none of them, strangely enough, knows the difference between a sheet and a halyard, a mizzen and a boom. They had only one thing in common: all of them had known and in one way or another had been fond of his dead wife, who was lost at sea toward the end of the war a hundred miles or so off the coral shore of Bermuda. What they did not know until the voyage was almost over was that Charrington was as mad as a March hare, insane with jealousy, and that he harbored a guilty secret involving his return from a prison-camp to England. He was certain that all of his companions had made love to his tender Scotch wife, whom he had failed to dominate and who had finally fled from him in terror.

J. M. Scott—"exciting and malevolent."

His plot was involved and diabolic. Since without him they could not sail the *Heather Mary*, they would be at his mercy. He could force them to confess, murder them, sink his yacht out of sight of land, and row to shore. But first he must take them to the ocean area where his wife Mary had been drowned. He proved his mastery of the sea during a ferocious storm in the Bay of Biscay. His victims admired the talents of their violent and powerful skipper, but they were pervaded by an ominous suspicion of him. They thought that he was "odd," to put it mildly, and that it was strange that he should question them relentlessly about their knowledge of Mary, whose story of her unhappy marriage all of them knew.

The yacht is beset with a relentless and more violent storm as they approach the island. Charrington has forced all of them below while he raves at them as Mary's secret lovers. The sails are stripped from the broken mast, the main boom crashes overside and pounds a hole in the lee planking; the dinghy is crushed; the *Heather Mary* begins to sink. The mind of the skipper takes charge of the madman, and he helps to save the boat. Later he pours gasoline in the cabin and attempts to blow up the ship. A young woman who has been lost from a sinking plane is sighted almost dead on a rubber float and is taken aboard.

At this point the reader is likely to want to mop his brow and leap out of his chair. It seems inconceivable that anything more can happen to Charrington's victims, the seductive girl who has been restored to health, or the wrecked yacht, for which by this time one feels a good deal of sympathy, since Mr. Scott, like all ardent sailors in time of stress, is able to personify the *Heather Mary* as a living and suffering female. It would be unfair to both author and reader to give away the final climax, which is inevitably violent, wild, and astounding. Of all yachting stories I have read, "Heather Mary" is the most exciting and malevolent.

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Jungle of Tenements

By Nelson Algren

Mark Kennedy's "The Pecking Order" *(Appleton-Century-Crofts. 278 pp. $3.50) is a tale of brutality and violence among the youth of Chicago's Black Belt.*

SLEEP would not make love to him. He was always dreaming dreams too big for his size. Patched, frayed, and smelly with shame and fear, they swamped the boy's slumber in adult hand-me-downs. They were not really his dreams at all. Yet though his dreams are all nightmares, none are so nightmarish as his waking hours, where punishment is a thing apart, hooked only accidentally onto committed wrongs. The bitter taste of punishment, for Bruce Freeman, is hidden in everything; for he finds fulfilment in neither love nor violence.

Mark Kennedy's "The Pecking Order," the report of the swift progress, from horseplay to crime, made by a gang of underage Negroes calling itself "The Warriors," is the first serious fictional account of Chicago's Black Belt since Richard Wright's "Native Son."

Besides Bruce, The Warriors consist of a snot-faced fat-boy named Snag, a Deep South cynic named Henry—"that stoopid thing that spits all the time"—an eight-year-old tagalong named Johnny Martin, and "The Wahyuhs'" iron-handed leader, a junior-sized Bigger Thomas called B.J.

"We, our gang is *awways* right!" B.J. introduces the code of the jungle to the others. "And if ya didn see what happened, say ya did anyhow, that is if it's good for *us*. And if it's bad for *our* side swear up and down it didn happen!"

Although B.J. appears, to his subordinates, to be a boy of courage without limits, it is actually his vindictiveness, bred in reformatories, that is limitless. The quality is shared, to a lesser degree, by Bruce:

"Near the alley gate a butterfly came over the fence. He narrowed his eyes and stalked it from a crouch, then slashed it with the splinter. He missed. . . . He gripped the ragged stick and watched helplessly as it finally swooped over the fence beyond his reach . . . no mighty deeds and great conquerable things awaited his coming. He glowered upon the futility ahead and flourished his little weapon against the empty depots awaiting his journey."

The depots of The Warriors' journey include a rock battle with a marijuana peddler, run-ins with other gangs and with police, a steering-wheel through the stomach of one boy and a .38 slug in the brain of another, cookie-theft, car-theft, and a struggle to the death on a rooftop—one act of violence explodes into another until one suspects that the author is as little capable of getting himself out of jams, except by violence, as are his characters:

"The wheels run over him see! There he is! Layin' out there in the street! His head and guts got mashed up and brains and blood is runnin' all over the street!"

As bad as this sort of thing is, when the author goes poetic it isn't any better. Indeed, the book is saved from flying right off the page, with exclamation points for propellers, only by certain passages of dialogue which anchor it to reality.

Actually, beyond its locale and lack of restraint, the book has little in common with "Native Son" with which it will, inevitably, be compared.

For where Wright related the condition of the Negro to the condition of the white, Mr. Kennedy has sealed off B.J.'s jungle from the wider one beyond Bronzeville. Thus while Bigger Thomas was enabled, by his ultimate insight into his relationship to the white world, to achieve a dramatic psychological triumph, all Bruce Freeman achieves is a mystical faith that the gang, all dead, have been wiped out in sacrifice:

"But he had them all in his indescribable being. They were his inheritance, the gift of himself, not handed down across the years, but given to him all at once in this fulness of his time. . . . He would find love in strange wonderful places and among strangers whose food and mercy would give him his life. And there was Evelyn. 'I am Bruce Ashford Freeman', he said, 'I am me—for real'."

Mr. Kennedy has missed a chance to say something of importance.

A Plan for Ann

By Roberta Teale Swartz

HEY diddle-diddle
The cat and the fiddle
We'll part her hair in the middle
And tie a bow on either side
Pale blue, not very wide.
That's what your father says we'll do—
Though as yet there is no you.

Three-four
Shut the door
We'll find her a pinafore
And low-heeled slippers light as a feather,
One-button, patent leather.
That's what your mother thinks we'll do—
When as yet there is no you.

Catch a little fox
And put him in a box
We'll give her my last year's socks,
The teethed-on spoon and the too-short crib,
Half of the old red gingham bib.
That's what your brother is sure we'll do—
And as yet there is no you.

(If you're a boy, remember, love,
You still may use the last, above.
We'll only have to crop your head
And leave the ruffle off the bed
And put away Aunt Libby's beads
And resign ourselves to a life of tweeds.)

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Aging Rebel

By Ray B. West, Jr.

Mr. West, editor of the Western Review, *uses the publication of* ***"Story No. 3," edited by Whit Burnett and Hallie Burnett*** *(A. A. Wyn. 251 pp. $3) as an occasion to consider the contributions of* Story *magazine to the field of short fiction over the past quarter century.*

STORY magazine was founded by Whit Burnett and Martha Foley in 1931. In the twenty-three years of its existence it has undergone many changes, from its initial appearance in mimeographed form, through its heyday as a monthly, to its present twice-a-year appearance in book form. During the 1930's it was at the forefront of a movement, encouraged by the late Edward J. O'Brien, to push back the boundaries of short fiction. Its battle in those days was principally with the highly commercialized form of the short story. To a young writer twenty years ago it seemed the stronghold of a new integrity.

As a matter of fact, and despite the claims of its editors, *Story* did not, even in those days, publish a high proportion of really fine stories. Mostly the excitement came from the sense of participating in a great crusade and from the feeling that "our side" was winning. The structure of the short story as it was known in the popular magazines was violated on every hand. A new subject matter was introduced. New writers were discovered in each issue.

A knowledge of this background is necessary in order to understand what is wrong with the present *Story* in book form. Actually, *Story* has changed very little. Its standards were never quite high enough, so that the large-circulation magazines almost caught up with them. Today the excitement is gone, and now this collection of stories, far from seeming revolutionary, exhudes an atmosphere of conformity. The revolution has outstripped the revolutionaries.

All of which means that if you like nice, tricky little stories, somewhat more daring in subject matter than those appearing in the popular magazines, you will like many of the stories in this volume. A few of them come close to being good, and among them I would list George Sumner Albee's "The Top," William Canine's "The Bulletin Board," John H. Griffin's "Miss Henrietta Briggs and Her Metamorphosis," Herbert Gold's "The Mirror and Mr. Sneeves," and Leo

—Blackstone.

Whit and Hallie Burnett—"The revolution . . .

. . . has outstripped the revolutionaries."

Dillon Murtagh's "The Hills of Donegal." The best story in the volume—best because it represents so unpretentious a reflection of certain very real, very unsettling, tendencies in the society of our time—is Frederick Darling's "The Drag."

"The Drag" portrays the concerns of our day, with its exhilarating possibilities of speed and power, and the relationship of these concerns to our moral life. It is the story of a young motorcyclist who participates in the ritualistic activities of the Hellriders, a motorcycle club which becomes a world of its own—a small, heroic world of guts and ability. It becomes this both for the men, who engage in hill-climbs or games of follow-the-leader, and for the girls—the "drags"—who mate with the men and reward them for their simple heroism by granting them sexual privileges. It is a frightening, and yet reassuring, vision of our times.

Could there be more stories of the quality of "The Drag," *Story* magazine in book form might perform a service similar to the service it performed in the 1930's.

Doomed Chancellor

By Thomas Caldecott Chubb

Charles A. Brady's "Stage of Fools" *(E. P. Dutton. 381 pp. $3.95) is a superior biographical novel about Thomas More, martyr of the English Reformation.*

ON A July day in 1535, a white and bent old man—yet he was only fifty-seven—was led to a flimsy scaffold upon Tower Hill where, laying his head upon the block, he carefully moved his beard aside.

"Pity if it were cut," he observed. "It hath committed no treason."

Then the axe fell—and Renaissance England had her most noble martyr.

For the owner of the beard was none other than Sir Thomas More, author of "Utopia," friend of Erasmus and Colet, subject of one of Holbein's greatest paintings, and—to quote Green of the six-volume "Short History of the English People"—"in the general opinion of Europe, the foremost Englishman of his time."

Wise, witty, of absolutely unimpeachable integrity, a man of devoted family life and of great public abilities, this son of a London lawyer started humbly but ended up—before his fall—as Lord Chancellor. Yet the logic of what happened to him was as inexorable as a Greek tragedy. In his beginning—to reverse Mary Queen of Scots—was his end. If his rise was inevitable so was his downfall. *Indignatio principis mors est,* one of his would-be cautioners Latinized Machiavelli for him. It indeed was—particularly when the *princeps* was King Henry VIII, who was not only willful but cruel, and had arrayed himself on the side of the times.

For that reason, he has long needed a modern recounting of his story. Now he has found one. For although "Stage of Fools" had been offered as, and is cast in the form of, fiction it is not another contribution to hammock literature. It is serious in intention, and every effort has been made to keep it authentic. It is the documented story of a great man.

In most respects, it is extremely successful. Mr. Brady is almost as flamboyant as Stephen Dedalus, but he has also the mind and the control of a trained lawyer, and when the steeds of his imagination start galloping, he never quite lets them run away. He understands character. Henry Patenson, *joculator* to More, is perhaps the most mordant and convincing (professional) fool in modern letters, but, given Mr. Brady's bias, almost all his other characters are equally well done. He understands

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the importance of suspense, and manages to keep it up even though large outline and the details, too, are in the public record.

Nor are there many inaccuracies. I noted but two. The "triste field of Mohacs" is discussed the year before it was fought, and it is my impression that the author of "Back and side go bare, go bare" sung by Henry Patenson still lacked seven years of being born.

But when Mr. Brady sets Sir Thomas More into the framework of the age he lives in, he moves from history to polemics. His identification of the humanist with Thomas à Becket is perhaps not completely out of line, but by his linking Cromwell to Herman Goering, by his constant belittling of Cranmer who was subsequently a martyr himself (on the other side), and by his apparent lack of awareness (otherwise he would be less severe) that Bluebeard Harry was followed by Bloody Mary, he not only sets himself down as one who, like Theodore Maynard, "regards the Reformation as not merely a religious but a social disaster," but as one who is willing to turn creativeness and understanding into special pleading.

Those who disagree with him—and there are many—will regret this. For they on their part must move from enjoyment and illumination into argument.

Fiction Notes

THE REVOLUTION NOT IN THE TEXTBOOKS: Like William Ellis, whose "Bounty Lands" reached such a high literary mark last year, John Brick is one of the most forward-looking of our historical novelists. Both Brick and Ellis take all the roughness and violence our time seems to demand, preserve the authentic crudity, and remove what crudity is intruded for its own sake. They talk to us in our own terms, so we are willing to go back into any century with them, and their research is of such quality that we could point to it as being as sure as any established thing, the way we used to point to Plymouth Rock or the Constitution.

In **"The Rifleman"** (Doubleday, $3.75), John Brick has chosen to take us through the Revolutionary War with Tim Murphy, one of Dan Morgan's riflemen. There is plenty of shooting, drinking, and wenching here, for Tim was usually in the thick of these activities. The author has sifted all the knowledge preserved about Tim, soberly compared fact and legand, and combined them in a fine

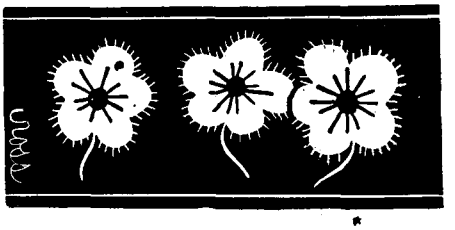
(*Continued on page* 35)

NEW EDITIONS

Gallantry in the Face of Death

ERNEST HEMINGWAY has long enjoyed a popular reputation as a tough naturalistic writer, but as far back as 1926, when I first read "The Sun Also Rises," I began to suspect that he was a Romantic. The suspicion was confirmed by "A Farewell to Arms," and was transformed into conviction by the books that followed. Now that I have just read for the third or fifth time "The Sun Also Rises," "A Farewll to Arms," "To Have and Have Not," and "Green Hills of Africa" ($3 each)—in new editions recently published by Scribner's—the romantic character and power of Hemingway's work have again impressed me with all the liveliness of a fresh discovery. Naturalism does not respond to life; it adds nothing, and subtracts only because selection is unavoidable. It reproduces, copies, as best it can. But it does not respond. Hemingway's writing, on the other hand, has from the beginning—from the time of "Three Stories and Ten Poems" (1923)—been an active response, a gallant response. In this gallantry, however disguised, we find the most vital of Hemingway's own vital juices, and the key to all the characters whom he admires. His heroes and heroines are men and women who, seeing clearly what they are up against as actors in the human drama, are able not only to "take it," but to take it in a certain way—gallantly. They and their creator have translated *noblesse oblige* into *soi-même oblige*. It is the motto by which they live, however far their applications of it may depart from orthodox morality. They are doomed to defeat of a kind, for the cards always go against them, and the "dirty trick" that did Catherine to death in "A Farewell to Arms" is always waiting to pop out of the wings like a maleficent *deus ex machina;* but they can score a kind of personal triumph, even in defeat. For this they strive—with a stiff upper lip that is kept, as a point of honor, as invisible as possible. When they find themselves closely associated with a person who can not meet the requirements of the code, there is shame all round; and the best the unfortunate Robert Cohns can do for the benefit of everyone concerned, is to crawl away and hide. It is inevitable that the moralists should find the Jake Barneses and Brett Ashleys and Harry Morgans of Hemingway's world pitiable at best and loathesome at worst; that critics who live only by the light of a social conscience should find Frederick Henry and Catherine Barkley and the hunters of "Green Hills of Africa" socially irresponsible; that readers who believe that their lives rest securely on supernatural sanctions should sneer at the code which provides Hemingway's best characters with the only meaning that they can discover in existence. But all this has nothing to do with literature or literary criticism. It is the writing that counts, and it is some of the very best of our time. For Ernest Hemingway, at least, the code has worked. And for us, too—for we have the books.

THANKS to intelligent editing, the Modern Library has come a long way since the days of Horace Liveright and the smelly imitation leather bindings. And long may it grow! New titles are "The Greek Poets," edited by Moses Hadas; "Flowering Judas and Other Stories," by Katherine Anne Porter; John O'Hara's "Appointment in Samarra," John Gunther's "Death Be Not Proud," and Margaret Mead's "Coming of Age in Samoa" ($1.25 each). Professor Hadas's "Collection of Greek Poetry from the Earliest Times to the Fifth Century A.D.," in translations by many hands, is an anthology full of delight and refreshment, interest and entertainment—and many reminders that the life-story we are living is an old, old tale. Reading Miss Porter's first ten short stories, in chronological order, one may trace the development of a highly esteemed talent. Of O'Hara's novels, "Appointment in Samarra" is still the one to beat. (He disagrees, saying it ties for second place.) John Gunther's memoir of his son, dead at seventeen, stands outside the pale of contemporary criticism. Margaret Mead's fascinating anthropological study of Samoan girlhood has the secondary value of giving us a comparative approach to the study of "storm and stress in American adolescents." —BEN RAY REDMAN.



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—Endpaper from "The Great American Parade"

". . . much to praise in the United States."

A Continental Scrutiny

By Henri Peyre

The picture of the United States offered by an intelligent French visitor. ***H. J. Duteil,*** *in* ***"The Great American Parade"*** *(translated by Fletcher Pratt. Twayne Publishers. 321 pp. $3.75) is sometimes annoying, sometimes vexing, and at all times instructive, writes Mr. Peyre. French-born professor of French at Yale.*

AMERICA has always exercised a strange fascination upon writers of travel books, and French visitors to our shores have been the most prolific and the most entertaining among those Europeans who found in America a convenient pretext for their myth-making propensities or for their sarcastic observations. From "The Jesuit Relations" to Chateaubriand, the myth of the new promised land and of the unsullied goodness of man in America prevailed. Then, from Tocqueville to Jean Prévost, whose "Usonie" is one of the most penetrating as well as the most flattering books written on this country, and even to Claude Roy, a Communist whose "Clés pour l'Amérique" show that he was fascinated by America in spite of himself, Frenchmen observed, analyzed, interpreted this mysterious continent. More recently, the vogue set in of disparaging everything American and of treating Americans as an uncultured and mechanical mass, patronizing Europe, ready to listen to any neo-Fascists or warmongering militarists.

H. J. Duteil knows better. He seems to be a French Catholic of some note who spent several years over here during and after World War II. He has no ax to grind, came here with no prejudice to confirm and no thesis to document. He apparently underwent some unpleasant treatment at Ellis Island, until he discovered the sesame which opens the gates of the United States: "I have some rich friends in America." But he soon forgot the preliminary ordeal and looked at the country and the people around him with benign humor, an honest desire to understand and to like, and an intelligent avoidance of the temptation perpetually to compare the new world with nostalgic reminiscences of his native land.

The book he wrote about his experiences has enjoyed great popular success in Europe and has been adopted as a guide by several travelers. Still, the claim put forward in the subtitle to the American edition—"The Great American Parade: The Strange Portrait of America That Europe Accepts"—is grossly exaggerated, and the publisher's jacket hurts the volume by making it appear far more sensational and more hostile to America than it actually is. M. Duteil is clearly no political thinker and no trained social observer of the "mores" or of the "culture" of the United States: he has nothing important to say on the working of democracy in this country, on the revolutionary type of industrial civilization or of labor relations developed here, on the undoctrinaire-but-lived socialism of America. He displays an adequate knowledge of American history (rare in foreign visitors) and a vivid sense of geography. He has avoided the trite and superficial travelogue of European visitors, rushing from Harlem and Greenwich Village to the Chicago Stockyards, to Hollywood and William Faulkner's country.

The charm of the book lies in its freshness, in its lack of systematization, in its jerky and entertaining discontinuity. The author describes what he has seen or heard, borrows (too lavishly and uncritically) from sensational newspaper clippings, makes no attempt at profundity or even at literary style. He does not speculate on the soul or the psychoanalysis of America, on her future, on catastrophes that may befall it. His anecdotes and reflections, being unaccompanied by philosophical or pedantic disquisition, occasionally incisive, adequately represent the view of this country held by many European visitors. It is both entertaining and informing, even if occasionally annoying, to native Americans, more anxious now than ever before to learn how others see them.

THE chief blame of this cultured European Catholic goes to religion in America, which he finds reduced to an effete ethical good will, and particularly to American Catholicism, dominated and corrupted by the Irish, split by commercialism and vulgarity. Next in order would be education, especially progressive education, upon which this French observer piles up scorn and irony. He is no admirer of the melting-pot and considers that this country has not recovered from the blow given its culture by the massive immigration of 1880-1920. "The great American cities contain thousands of impossible Europeans, sub-men, stupid characters

(*Continued on page* 40)

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The Saturday Review

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Publisher, J. R. COMINSKY Associate Publisher, W. D. PATTERSON

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The Real Problem of the Liberal Arts

FOR many years the complaint has been heard that young people going into the sciences were being incompletely educated. It was said that they were being prepared for a compartmentalized and specialized world but not for a full life in a large and complex world.

These complaints have generally come from the liberal arts. Educators were troubled not only by the limitations of the sciences but by the fact that the humanities were being relegated to a secondary position in terms of public recognition and support. Yet in their own way the men of the liberal arts suffer just as seriously from compartmentalization and overspecialization. Indeed, the competition between the humanities and the sciences today tends to obscure basic weaknesses within the humanities.

At its largest, the failure of the liberal arts today is one that can be measured in its own terms: the liberal arts are inadequately meeting the needs of the whole man in whose name they claim their reason for being. The average liberal arts graduate is educated for an enclosure labeled "Western Civilization" and not for a world that has become a single geographic unit. He is prepared to understand the smaller part of a complex whole. Yet the smaller part can understand itself only if it also understands the whole. In fact, failure to know the whole is unpreparedness at its worst at a time when preparedness has become something of a national watchword.

This is not merely a matter that can be easily corrected by a slight shift in college curriculum. It goes to the core of our training and attitudes in history and philosophy—and scholarship in general. We have allowed such terms as "Western Civilization" or "Christendom" to become stock phrases or slogans—without any real comprehension of the fact that what is finest in the "Western tradition" is universal and not geographic. We write books or articles about the "uniqueness" of our Western values with little acknowledgement of the cross-fertilization of ideas and cultures between East and West. We blandly assume that when we refer to Western values everyone knows *precisely* what it is we are talking about.

It may be argued that these values are addressed to and built around individual man or around philosophical affirmation. Even here a proper answer might be that the natural rights of man have never been more finely espoused than under Confucianism. Or if it is argued that a large part of the East is under totalitarian control and that this automatically defines the basic differences between East and West, a countering argument would be that Communism, Nazism, and Fascism came out of the West. In fact, it was the political and philosophical corruption of Platonism that led in a direct line to authoritarianism in the modern world. Nor ought we ever to forget that Christianity originated in the East, or the fact that there is an organic connection between the Koran and the Old and New Testaments.

A real danger represented by the compartmentalization of the liberal arts, so far as Western civilization is concerned, is that it often produces the symptoms of a superiority complex. The reaction of other peoples to such symptoms is exactly what one would expect. If we are anxious to keep the majority of the world's peoples from going under and over to a global authoritarian system, a good thing to avoid is sloganeering largely devoid of content.

CERTAINLY our civilization has values. But we diminish these values the moment we seem to arrogate them to ourselves. The values we prize most highly are human values. They were born in men's minds and can be born again anywhere—so long as there are propitious conditions for their birth. If we seem to give these values special geographical significance or sanction, they may lose their luster and eventually their meaning. Our philosophers and scholars and educators should be among the first to recognize that in a crisis of ideas the biggest ideas are the universal ones.

A moment ago we ventured the opinion that the failure of the liberal arts is not something that can be easily fixed merely by tinkering around with the curriculum. What is needed is not merely an extra survey course or two on comparative cultures, philosophies, or religions. What is needed is fundamental recognition that, although the world may be split politically, mankind does not exist in compartments. The human race is the new frame of reference, not geographical or cultural groupings—however great their old historical validity. And if our philosophers want to summon us to great deeds, let them do it in the name of the institution of man.

—N. C.

Dimensional

By Hannah Kahn

HERE is myself
dimensional
with shadows cast
upon the whole
with pivot points
and little flares
to punctuate
the burning stars.

Here is myself
entire, alone,
find me in water,
fire, stone,
and also some
small part of me
that speaks in prayer
and litany.

Here is myself
take what you will
of love, of song
and know that still
a part of what
I have to say
remains unsaid
nor question why.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CHALLENGE OF AFRICA

SR's issue of May 2, "America and the Challenge of Africa," is highly opportune at a time when such great need exists for a counterattack on the menace of racism. If Western government is founded and formed around mankind's noble and humane aspirations, equally imposing is the fact that Western man's viciousness—his greed and self-aggrandizement—has so far thwarted these aspirations. So long as equality is not a living reality, unqualifiedly extended to all mankind, no nation or group of nations guilty of denial need hope to bask in the glory of true civilization.

JASPER M. HAYNES.

San Francisco, Calif.

EXEMPLIFICATION

I WANT TO CONGRATULATE you warmly on your recent special issue on Africa. I can honestly say that this represents the best statement of the problems as I see them.

I myself was raised in South Africa and have been in this country for six years now. I was particularly interested in the article by Z. K. Matthews and the following statement: "The question is whether they [the white liberals] have enough strength . . . to work *with* instead of *for* the Africans." Your articles exemplified this admirable spirit since Africans themselves were asked to write *their* views in contrast to the one-sided views (oftentimes) of Government officials and well-meaning missionaries.

HENRY J. KEMP-BLAIR.

Los Angeles, Calif.

FURTHERING UNDERSTANDING

FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS I have been deeply interested in Africa, as a member of the Sub-Committee of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives. For that reason, I want you to know how much I have been impressed by the issue of *SR* devoted to bringing to the American people, and particularly the important opinion-molding groups your constituency represents, a vivid and true picture of the dark continent.

The American people are becoming more and more aware of the interrelationships between themselves and all the world. Such manifestations as this present issue of *SR* indicate forward-looking thinking and action towards furthering a better understanding of Africa, for which we are all grateful.

FRANCES P. BOLTON, M.C.

Washington, D.C.

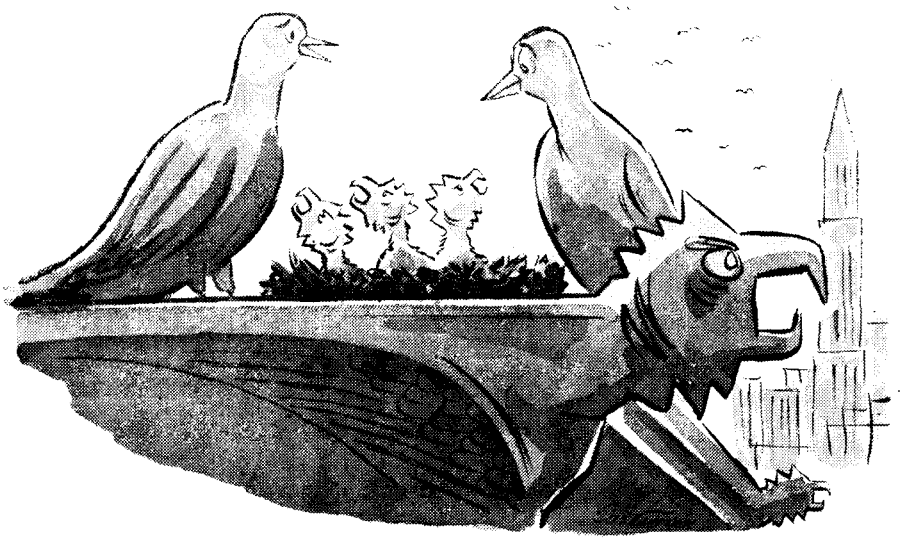
WHO SHALL GOVERN?

IN YOUR SYMPOSIUM on African matters, it was noteworthy that no commentator touched upon the fundamental ingredient, to wit: capacity of the "blacks" to govern themselves, in case they achieve self-government. Not the most radical reformer nor the most sympathetic observer would consider that Zulus are now ready to organize and conduct a self-governing state.

Who, then, shall govern while the "blacks" achieve a condition of literacy, freedom from superstitions, omens, and fanaticism? Shall it be the present self-appointed Lords of Creation who have been exploiting them? The question immediately moves into the emotional arena. A righteous frenzy solves no problems. It leaves any situation more confused than ever; leaves a dozen sensational conflicts ranging.

V. A. ROBERTSON.

Hollywood, Calif.



"Could it be environment?"

ACCOLADE

CONGRATULATIONS on the "Challenge of Africa" issue. It is excellent and your best in my opinion.

HELEN H. HENNESSY.

New York, N. Y.

EXCITING POINT

MR. COHN THROUGHOUT his article "The Great Turning Point" [*SR* May 16] exhibits a desolate *Weltschmerz* that, while often delightful in a college sophomore, seems childish in a mature and experienced observer of world affairs. Granted that civilization wavers precariously at a turning point; granted, too, that perhaps many people are not as aware of this as they could be, and these people should be enlightened. But tempting as the analogy might be, human beings are not rats wandering inextricably in an incomprehensible maze; the times do not call for a neurotic despair (to which it is all too easy to submit and give voice) but supply abundant opportunity to each person for that daring innovation, high adventure, and dedicated courage which mark humanity's greatest reaches.

The dismal array of facts and assertions which occupy 90 per cent of his article leave one with the impression that the author harbors a nauseous regret at having been born into the twentieth century; but perhaps he would prefer reading about turning points in history books to living through one himself. May I suggest that it is a blessing and a privilege to live today at a turning point of civilization.

DONALD ROBB.

Rochester, N. Y.

IMPROPRIETY?

THERE IS A GRAVE and surprising omission in Professor DeWeerd's review of "The River and the Gauntlet" by S. L. A. Marshall—a work which is subtitled "Defeat of the Eighth Army on the Chongchon River." Mr. DeWeerd fails to call attention to the gross impropriety of a one-star general (reserve at that) thus defining an operation which has been authoritatively described by a five-star general as a reconnaissance in force, followed by a misunderstood retrograde movement.

ELMER DAVIS.

Washington, D.C.

DESPERATE LIMERICK

Though I'm a hebdomadal glutton
For pieces on travel by Sutton,
He uses (Ai! Yai!)
"Infer" for "imply,"
So I'll gladly correct him—for nuttin'.

DAVID S. STERN.

Elkins Park, Pa.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

A Case of Not Enough Horse Sense

EVEN though this was the week when Native Dancer again acted like a great horse, it seems unreasonable that such another native dancer as Maria Tallchief was required to act like a horse, great or otherwise, in the New York City Ballet entry titled "The Filly." As one whose racing knowledge is confined wholly to the verbalizations of Clem McCarthy and Bryan Field, I offer the opinion, however tentative, that "The Filly" broke slowly, never did get started, and found the distance much too long.

It was my offhand impression that Todd Bolender's ballet was fitted to an already existing score of John Colman, which would explain, in part at best, a rather loose liaison between the two. However, orchestral railbirds assert that this was a close collaboration right from the start, thus leaving more perplexities than appear reasonable in any one ballet. Somewhere along the line somebody should have decided that "The Filly" wouldn't do, and turned the time involved to some other enterprise; but, somehow, ballet companies don't seem to function that way (in this country, at least).

The subtitle of "A Stableboy's Dream" explains as much about "The Filly" as anyone would care to know —perhaps even more. After a longish orchestral prelude the curtain rises on a trackside stable, out of which the stableboy (Roy Tobias) produces a "Mare" (Diana Adams) and "Stallion" (Nicholas Magallenes). This results not only in an amorous *pas de deux* complete with lifts—and occasional horsey mannerisms—but also in a "Foal," danced by a talented moppet named Ellen Gottesman. The dream, as I understood it, is that Ellen grows, magically, into the "Filly" impersonated by Miss Tallchief, who proves to be a winner of the Triple Crown and everything else that matters. The transformation is almost as hard to imagine as Miss Tallchief as a horse; it would be enough of a dream for Miss Gottesman, in the sweet by and by, to become as good a dancer as Miss Tallchief. All involved worked with a kind of frenzied diligence at the impossible problems with which they were posed, not least Mr. Colman as performer of the intricate piano part of his own score. What can be done with Peter Larkin's attractive scenery and costumes I can't imagine: unless Belmont Park wants to put on a ballet with horses impersonating people. Obviously they have too much horse sense for that.

Record Week

AS A work, Haydn's "The Seasons" ("Die Jahreszeiten") commands universal respect and, in some quarters, even affection. The reasons for this have gradually become apparent to us in this country thanks in large part to the phonograph, since concert hall performances here are no more frequent than they are of "The Creation," or "Elijah," or half a dozen similar masterpieces. Nevertheless, one wonders whether it isn't time for a major American company to address itself to this task, and finally do the kind of performance the work merits.

The latest occasion for such thought is the appearance (Decca Set DX 123, $17.85) of the third version of this remarkably pictorial score, and the eventual conclusion that it doesn't come much closer than its predecessors to fulfilling the possibilities provided. To be sure, it is a more finished mechanical product than the poorly balanced one sponsored by the Haydn Society among its earliest issues (Haydn Society Set 2027); and it is marred by no such solecism as the Italian text (and habits of thought) embodied in a Cetra offering (Cetra Set 1202).

When one has said that, however, one has said about as much as one can. Ferenc Fricsay may be an admirable conductor in many respects, but he lacks more than a casual amount of the sensitivities this task requires, and Josef Greindl is a grating voice (and a decidedly bluff temperament) for the humanity embodied in the soil-tiller Simon. Georg Hann, in the Haydn Society issue, shows graphically how much can be made of this music by a singer of active imagination, as Friedrich Schorr in his famous disc of "Schon eilet froh der Akkersmann" (HMV DB 1564) showed what it could mean for a singer of superior art.

For its other solo voices, Decca offers tenor Walter Ludwig, who is no match for the eloquence of Patzak in the Haydn Society version, and Elfride Trötschel, who is about the quality of Trude Eipperle, her *vis-à-vis* in the Vienna recording. The fact however, is that Fricsay does not ask nearly enough of them, the orchestra, or the chorus, with rather prosaic results all around.

The sum of all this is a sharp regret that the cause of "The Seasons" cannot be urged on the reader in its full justice, for it is a singular masterpiece with an abundance of the qualities that make music endearing—profundity, wit, poetic fervor, and—above all—an embracing sense of man's relation to his environment and a dependence on a Power greater than himself for health and well-being. The Haydn Society could do something to focus more attention on the excellent work Clemens Krauss does as conductor if it would recut its original to make it sound as it can with "compensation" available on the more elaborate playback systems. It is far too much to impose that chore on the buyer. —IRVING KOLODIN.

Words of a Puppet Showman

By Helen Haiman Joseph

YOU are as real
As laughter and as tears are real
Princes and fairies, clowns and devils,
Symbols more vital
Than we slight people
Who twitch the strings and wiggle fingers
And call you but our creatures.

You antedate us, you outlive us
(For Punch will never die, nor Cinderella
Nor Robin Hood nor Faust!)
While, for the moment,
We animate, through you, ideals
Transfiguring ephemeral skill
With these, your wooden bodies.

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An Opera for the Queen

BY ROLAND GELATT

LONDON.

QUEEN ELIZABETH II is the first British monarch to be honored with a coronation opera. Past coronations have inspired anthems (Handel's "Zadok the Priest"), odes (Elgar's "Coronation Ode," Opus 44), and marches (Walton's "Crown Imperial"), but never operas. One reason for this may be that in England opera was long considered a frivolous and even a rather dangerous form of entertainment. But undoubtedly the lack of English coronation operas is ascribable in main part to the lack of English opera composers. Today, with Benjamin Britten on hand as a dominant if not *the* dominant figure of contemporary opera, that condition no longer obtains, and the result is "Gloriana," a three-act opera written for the coronation of Elizabeth II, dedicated to the Queen, and to be performed in her presence at a gala occasion in Covent Garden on June 8.

It was well over a year ago that Britten happened onto a copy of Lytton Strachey's "Elizabeth and Essex" and began to interest himself in its two protagonists and the period which they dominated. Some day, he mused, there would be the makings of an opera in the story that Strachey told. Nothing further happened until March 1952, one month after Elizabeth II's accession, when Britten's friends began urging him to compose a coronation opera. The story of the first Elizabeth seemed an obvious choice; Britten agreed to the promptings of his friends, and the Queen was approached informally and asked whether she would attend a gala performance if a coronation opera were to be written. The Queen said she would. Thus, "Gloriana" can be said to have been composed with royal permission, though it was not written to royal commission. More recently the Queen has given her permission for "Gloriana" to be dedicated to her.

By last summer Britten was at work with his librettist William Plomer, a highly regarded South African-born poet and novelist. Together they delved deeply into the Elizabethan period, and the more they read the further they drew away from Lytton Strachey's conception. The libretto as it finally evolved is pure Plomer. It tells the story, very episodically, of the aging Queen and her love for young Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex; of Essex's abortive campaign in Ireland and the unsuccessful rebellion he led on his return; and finally, of the Queen's heartbreaking decision to execute Essex, in the flower of his youth, as a traitor to the Crown. Throughout, Plomer has attempted to point up the dual personalities of the two: Essex, the man of action and ambition, who is also a dreamer longing for a life of serene contemplation; Elizabeth, whose feminine instincts are at constant war with her resolve to be a powerful sovereign. In a soliloquy in Act I, Elizabeth thinks of Essex and exclaims:

If life were love and love were true,
Then could I love thee through and through!

But she cannot allow herself the luxury of pampering her emotions, and she ends her aria with:

But God gave me a sceptre,
The burden and the glory—
I must not lay them down:
I live and reign a virgin,
Will die in honor,
Leave a refulgent crown!

And at the end of the opera, as she ponders whether to sign the decree condemning Essex to death, Elizabeth sings:

I grieve, yet dare not show my discontent;
I love, and yet am forced to seem to hate;
I am, and am not; freeze, and yet I burn;
Since from myself my other self I turn.

IN WRITING the libretto Mr. Plomer was careful to exclude all artificial Elizabethanisms. Except for a few thee's and thou's there are no Tudor inflections in his writing. Wherever possible, the librettist has adapted Elizabeth's own recorded sayings. "She had," he says, "an extraordinary gift for expressing herself, rather like Churchill in our times. Her sayings are memorable, and I have tried to incorporate those I could in the libretto." The Earl of Essex also con-

(*Continued on page* 33)

Coronation

By Norreys Jephson O'Conor

RIBBONS of color, banners and flags hang or flutter
In the soft June air;
Trumpets sound their clear tones around the free world,
Floating into radio or television sets.
Ceremonial coaches creak and clatter along the pavements
Between rows of brightly uniformed soldiers,
The welcoming roar of a people rising to a new age
With the crowning of a young and resolute Queen
Ready to plunge forward and through the mists
Enveloping an ancient nation, swirling its friends and companions,
Drifting across seas and oceans.
Bells peal; voices in the Abbey are raised in solemn invocation and acclaim;
For a moment of time the world trembles in the splendor of a June day,

Breathless realization of its significance.

To the tread of marching feet
The Queen returns homeward.
No one can say whether the colors are of sunset or sunrise:
A sigh, a murmur of hope, floats upward and is carried heavenward.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Backward Town of Llareggub

PROBABLY the richest and certainly the earthiest theatre experience of this season is Dylan Thomas's reading—assisted by five actors—of his new play "Under Milk Wood" at the 92nd Street YMHA.

The title refers to the location of the imaginary Welsh sea town Llareggub, which lies in a valley beneath a wooded hill where—to put it in terms which Mr. Thomas would decry as euphemistic—lovers are wont to stroll. Llareggub's minister describes it:

A tiny dingle is Milk Wood
By Golden Grove 'neath Grongar,
But let me choose and Oh! I should
Love all my life and longer

To stroll among our trees and stray
In Goosegog Lane, on Donkey
Down,
And hear the Dewi sing all day,
And never, never leave the town.

Although the play itself is more radio documentary than it is stage drama, it might be called the Welsh version of "Our Town." But whereas Thornton Wilder's play was a lament for the missed richness of life in a strict and outwardly sane New England community, Mr. Thomas's twenty-four-hour saga is a celebration of the ways the outwardly peculiar persons of Llareggub each find the richness of life in his or her own fashion, like the pigs whose idea of heaven is "acorned swill and the bagpipe dugs of the mother sow."

The play commences with Mr. Thomas using the sound-alert impassioned voice that makes him one of the most effective poetry readers in the business to describe the stillness of the sleeping town. "You can hear . . . the invisible starfall, the darkest before dawn minutely dewgrazed stir of the black dab-filled sea . . . night moving in the streets . . . quiet as a dominoe . . . like a mouse with gloves . . ."

He then introduces the sleeping characters. First there is the retired blind sea captain who is the witness of the play's action. Then Mog Edwards the draper, who loves Myfanwy Price more than all the candlewick, ticking, and twill in the whole Cloth Hall of the world; Myfanwy, "with her homemade plum and butterpat," who promises to warm his heart by the fire so that he can slip it in under his vest when his shop is closed; Butcher Beynon, who, when his wife remarks that the cat seems to like the liver she is eating, replies "She ought to, it's her brothers"; Nogood Boyo who, as he lies on his back in the unbaled water of a dinghy among crabs legs and tangled lines, looks up at the spring sky and says, "I don't know who's up there, and I don't care"; Mrs. Ogmore-Pritchard, who doesn't want a boarder in her nice clean rooms "breathing all over the chairs, and putting his feet on my carpets, and sneezing on my china, and sleeping in my sheets"; Ocky Milkman, who waters the milk and keeps his wife in the cupboard with the empties; and Mr. Pugh, who spends his entire time daydreaming a special mixture for Mrs. Pugh, "a venomous porridge unknown to toxologists which will scald and serpent through her until her ears fall off like figs, her toes grow big and black as balloons, and steam comes screaming out her navel."

But easily the most memorable character is Polly Garter, the loose woman of Llareggub, singing a ballad to the deceased midget who is the father of two of her illegitimate children:

Now when the farmers' boys
on the first fair day
Come down from the hills
to drink and be gay
Before the sun sinks I'll
lie there in their arms
For they're good bad boys
from the lonely farms.
But I always think as we tumble
into bed
Of little Willy Wee
who is dead, dead, dead . . .

THE above characters and the rest of the sixty-six in the cast are all colorfully described along with some of their daily activities. Although, as read by Sada Thompson, Nancy Wickwire, Dion Allen, Allen Collins, Roy Poole, and Mr. Thomas, the identities of each are inevitably confused, it must be said that these young people read their way clearly and intelligently through a script that tests their ability to shift quickly into dialects and into different age brackets.

Since Polly Garter is the best part in the play, Nancy Wickwire makes the most of it, and her singing of the ballad is cream off the top of "Milk Wood."

Unfortunately, the play has several

Roy Poole, Nancy Wickwire, Dion Allen, Dylan Thomas, Sada Thompson, and Allen Collins—"a tiny dingle is Milk Wood . . ."

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shortcomings which make it unsuitable for commercial production. It has no plot and no crisis, and the slight revelation which might indicate a growth on the part of Captain Cat tends to get buried in Llareggub's multicolored assortment of citizens.

Mr. Thomas is the first to admit all this. "When I began eighteen months ago," he says, "I had a very simple plot. I thought I'd make all the characters even more eccentric than they are now. Then I'd have a new nationalist Government taking over Wales. One of the new Government's inspectors comes to Llareggub and says to the mayor, 'We're taking charge of affairs here now, and we've decided to declare this disgraceful town an open-air lunatic asylum.' The townspeople scream with rage and each person defends himself, and his seemingly insane actions. In the end they accept, preferring to remain 'mad,' because their insanity appears to them healthier than the sanity of the Government."

However, Mr. Thomas soon found this plot too restricting. He found himself hacking the plot out instead of writing what he wanted to say. "You know," he adds, "if you feel you're hacking it out, you're either incompetent or doing something wrong."

Drawing the most charitable of these two deductions, the poet decided to abandon the plot. For a time he toyed with the idea of having one of the characters die, to give a feeling of the passage of time, but he even gave that up. "I guess I just got boozed up on the language," he admits with the not unhappy look of a man who has learned to face and live with his compulsions.

"I also did another unpardonable thing," confesses the poet, "I fell in love with one of my characters, so that Polly Garter gets too much attention at the expense of the others."

For all the emphatic response "Under Milk Wood" received from its audience, Mr. Thomas still regards it as incomplete. The present version ends with a rain (or reign) of dusk and Polly Garter in the wood with one of her admirers. "I want the night to come strong and fast," says Mr. Thomas, "and I want to follow lots of the characters into the night until the last lover has left the wood."

Despite the improvements that the poet will undoubtedly be able to effect, "Under Milk Wood" seems doomed to remain a reading piece. Yet this should not blind anyone to the significance of the work. At the time Mr. Thomas began the play he felt that in his poetry writing he was "apt to shout a little louder than life." He wanted to talk about things that his poems would not let him. "The kind of poetry I was writing was not fluid enough to represent lived-around subjects, and I wanted to find a form that would be," he says.

Now that he has found that form in a work that might with discipline be carpentered into a high-quality play, there is every reason to hope that Mr. Thomas will go on to write for a theatre that needs his sounds and his vitality.

"I have to finish a comic book I am writing, called 'Adventures in the Skin Trade' [the title refers to the necessary nakedness that comes before you decide to remain naked the rest of your life, as Mr. Thomas has, or to put on new armor]. Then I shall try a new play that will probably be aimed more at presentation. It will take place in a smallish industrial town like Swansea, where I was born," he says, "and it will include a love story between two people who have never met until the end of the play, even though they've been brought up within a few blocks of each other."

Come to think of it, Broadway and the 92nd Street YMHA aren't so far apart either.

THOUGH seldom produced here, Dylan Thomas's favorite playwright is Sean O'Casey, whose "The Plough and the Stars" is being given a loyal revival at Greenwich Village's Cherry Lane Theatre. An exceedingly vital and perhaps the best of all O'Casey dramas, this play about the 1916 Irish rebellion demonstrates the glory of the human spirit which beats with a vigorous heart despite all the world can do to discourage it. His shabby characters all behave badly and ignorantly. They die to no purpose except to show that justice is not to be expected in this life. The hero is a hot-tempered carpenter who dares to shake his fist at anyone who intrudes on his dignity. "That's not playing the game," he shouts at the British when a shell explodes near him. It is a glorious mixture of realism and irony.

The production is simple. Most of the actors have Irish names and handle the dialogue with greater competence than you would get from a non-Irish company of more established actors. John Scanlon and Barbara Winchester stand out in the two best roles, and the rest of the company is adequate though spotty, possibly because "The Plough and the Stars" calls for some powerful acting. But this group is on the right track. If they could spend the next few years working up a repertory program of Irish plays, they could do American theatregoers a great service.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Abuse of Greatness

"JULIUS CAESAR," a political play by William Shakespeare that has enough familiar lines to fill pages of Bartlett, and that has been dinned for Lord knows how long into the unwilling ears of countless high-school students, can only be supposed to have within it the powers of perpetual regeneration. M-G-M's new "Julius Caesar" would certainly seem to support this theory, and not only does it represent a clear-cut victory over the dull voices of high-school instructors and amateur intoners, but it firmly adapts the play, without the least sense of strain, into its motion-picture mold and, in the doing, gives it a gleaming new appearance. The marvelous poetry, oratory, and rhetoric of the play are apparent, almost as though heard for the first time; there are moments of shock and excitement that the contemporary drama never seems able to reach; one continually sees in it parallels to contemporary history, and prophetic lessons and warnings. That John Houseman, the producer, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, the director, and as accomplished a cast as one could wish could bring this pristine freshness and impact to a play three-and-a-half centuries old is the major accomplishment of the production. I will even go out on a limb and say that it seems to me to belong in the front rank of the great motion pictures.

We must get the inevitable comparisons to the "Hamlet" and "Henry V" of Laurence Olivier out of the way as soon as possible. Less consciously experimental, it seems to me superior to the Olivier "Hamlet," but not quite so gem-like and visually beautiful as the "Henry V." But they are, after all, three quite different plays, and as a result, three quite different movies. Shakespeare, for the movies, seems always to demand a certain refurbishing, perhaps less so for "Julius Caesar" than for "Hamlet," a most difficult movie nut to crack. What was demanded here was sensible cutting and sewing together of the gaps, and Houseman and Mankiewicz managed this job between them. There is not the slightest loss so far as I can see (unless one has memorized the entire play and thus misses certain favorite lines); there is, rather, a gain. The action proceeds with mounting foreboding and excitement, and in climactic scenes reaches a truly fervent pitch. Among scenes that will always be memorable are the brilliantly staged assassination of Caesar, Antony's oration to the mob, and the tent scene in which Cassius and Brutus have their gloomy clash of temperaments. Mankiewicz, who impresses more and more with his striking ability to get actors performing at their peaks, seems to have had the fullest sort of collaboration from John Gielgud, James Mason, and Marlon Brando. My impression is that in this movie we have the best Shakespearean acting yet seen on film, perhaps because of the virtuoso nature of the performances.

It may be a little unfair to single out one performance as dominating the play, but I was particularly struck by the Cassius of John Gielgud. Mr. Gielgud, of course, is probably the most accomplished Shakespearean actor of our day, but I was not fully prepared for the complexity he manages to give to the darkly brooding conspirator. While Brutus, I suppose, must be considered the "hero" of the piece, it is the character of Cassius that in Mr. Gielgud's handling gives off reflections most relevant to our own period. I kept seeing in him (perhaps fancifully) the prototype of the Marxist intellectual. And it is Cassius, after all, who shows most knowledge of the revolutionist's handbook. If his suggestion to dispose of Antony (Shakespeare has him urge this more than once) had been lis-

SR Recommends

Julius Caesar: Reviewed in this issue.
The Juggler: A wanderer's struggle to fit into the alien homeland of Israel; title role superbly acted by Kirk Douglas. (*SR* May 9.)
Man on a Tightrope: A tense chronicle, scripted by Robert E. Sherwood, of the escape of a Czech circus troupe from Iron-Curtainland. (*SR* May 30.)
Shane: Another superior Western, with screenplay by A. B. Guthrie, Jr., a rewarding performance by Alan Ladd, and magnificent scenery by Technicolor. (*SR* May 2.)
Call Me Madam: The uninhibited Ethel Merman in an engaging movie adaptation of the stage show. (*SR* Apr. 4.)
Lili: Waif Leslie Caron takes up with some French carnival puppets in a charming musical. (*SR* Mar. 7.)
Justice Is Done: A French courtroom drama which poses a haunting human problem. (*SR* Feb. 28.)

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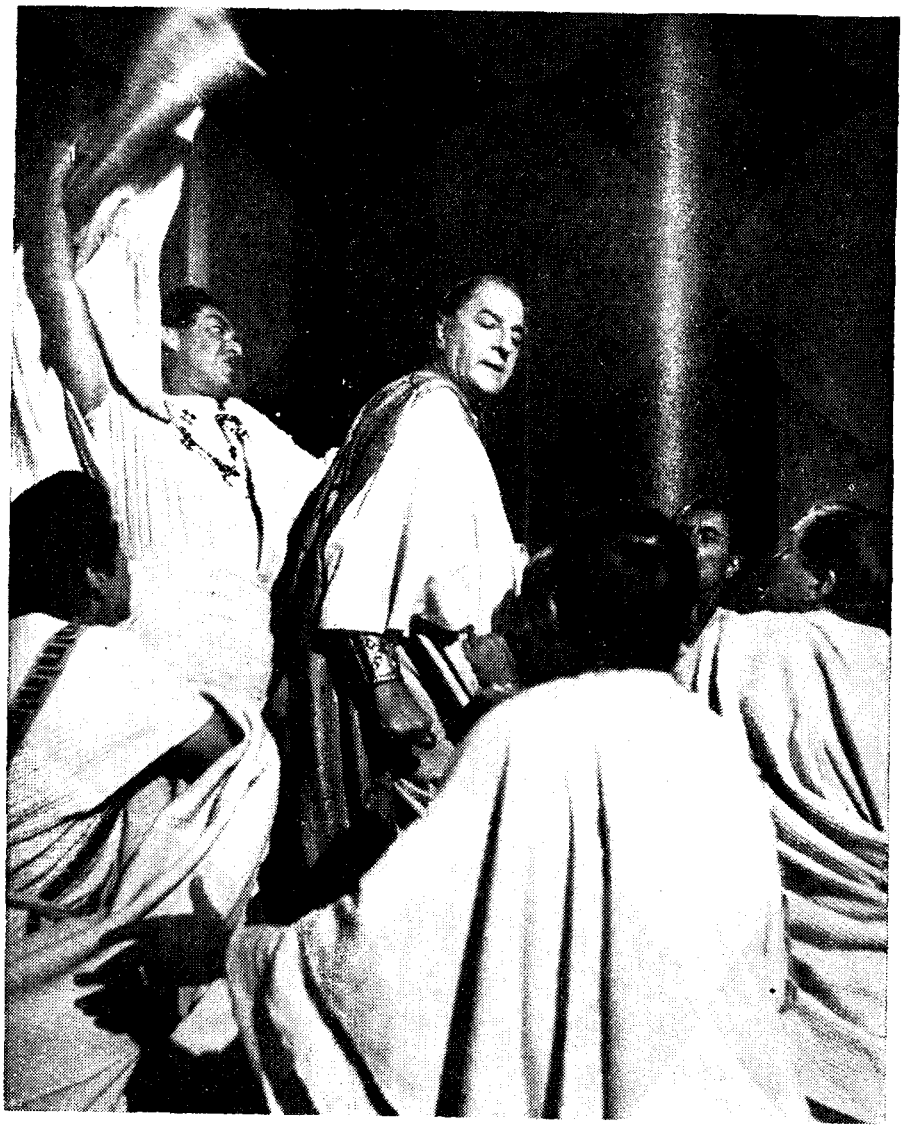
tened to by Brutus and the other conspirators we would not have had a play, for the overthrow of Caesar would have succeeded and there would have been no "counter-revolution." I'm not sure to what extent Mr. Mankiewicz emphasized these aspects in his direction, but some fifteen years ago there were different overtones to be gotten in the modern-dress "blackshirt" version of the Mercury Theatre —the last time, by the way, that the play was seen on the Broadway stage.

It is, however, evident that Mankiewicz has used the emphasis of the closeup more frequently on Gielgud than on any of the others. Mirrored on his face are the anger and the seething frustration, and also the envy that Caesar comments upon; he moves towards us as though possessed of an inner storm. The portrayal of these qualities makes his scenes—such as that with Brutus in the tent at Philippi —more vividly alive than I have seen them done before. You see in him not only the prophet and the organizer of revolution, but the possessor of the seeds of corruption that would seem inevitably to attend a bid for high power.

PERHAPS because Cassius has been given this greater depth the simplicity and nobility of Brutus seem all the more emphasized, and James Mason gives him a luminous reading. Mason's acting career gained its first large impetus when he played Brutus nearly twenty years ago at the Guild Theatre in Dublin. It isn't accidental, then, that he should seem so completely at home in the role.

There must have been a good deal of worry in the minds of many as to whether Marlon Brando (who up to now has given the impression of always talking with his mouth full of little round stones) was capable, not only of clear and ringing speech, but of at least an approximation of the Shakespearean style Gielgud and Mason come by more or less naturally. I am happy to report that he turns in a magnificent Antony. His moments alone with the body of Caesar and his oration to the mob thronged before the Senate are quite stunning in their impact. Familiar phrases take on a new sound; even the hackneyed ". . . lend me your ears," becomes an exhortation, "*Lend* me your ears!" Brando is, quite clearly, the very best of the younger American actors, and there is likely to be a movement afoot to try him as Hamlet on the stage. His accomplishment here becomes all the more striking when one considers his inexperience with Shakespeare.

Since so much of the play is oratory, without the fuller differentiation of character in later plays, the mix-



Caesar spurns a suitor seconds before Casca plunges in the first dagger.

Tense and anxious, the conspirators scrutinize Antony for clues to his vengeance.

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JAMES MASON AS BRUTUS
JOHN GIELGUD AS CASSIUS
LOUIS CALHERN AS JULIUS CAESAR
EDMOND O'BRIEN AS CASCA
AND
GREER GARSON AS CALPURNIA
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ture of accents (not at all obtrusive) is, I think, helpful. There is no jar when Brando exchanges phrases with Brutus, and again none when Edmond O'Brien enters as Casca. O'Brien, by the way, turns out to be a much better actor than one would have heretofore thought him to be. Louis Calhern's Caesar seems appropriate: the vanity, the susceptibility to flattery, the readiness to grasp total power are all neatly portrayed. The minor feminine roles might seem a concession to the box-office, for we find Calpurnia done by Greer Garson and Portia read by Deborah Kerr. It turns out, though, that they volunteered for their small roles, and they are quite good enough in them.

One decision Houseman and Mankiewicz had to make between them was whether to use color or black-and-white photography. The latter was chosen, obviously, because of the starker effect it gives. Another decision probably was to what extent the possibilities of spectacle were to be exploited. Here a sort of compromise seems to have resulted. Sets were built that were large, spacious, and more stylized than realistic. "Quo Vadis"-like views of ancient Rome have been avoided, but the mob scenes are of good size, numerically speaking. The dreary clanking on and off stage of participants in the Battle of Philippi has been completely avoided by the invention of a sort of ritualized battle sequence showing Antony's army ambushing the forces of Brutus and Cassius. My largest complaint is about the music that accompanies the action—it seems too much a matter of simple drum beats and the blare of trumpets, though on occasion the sounds do give a heightening effect.

I have heard all sorts of announcements about the way the movie will be shown; at present it seems scheduled for wide screen and stereophonic sound treatment, which was not the way I saw or heard it. In New York it will have a two-a-day, reserved-seat policy. That means the picture will be around for quite a while, but I wouldn't waste any time in getting tickets. Hollywood has given us our money's worth this time.

—Hollis Alpert.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THEY ESCAPED THE HANGMAN *Francis X. Busch* (Bobbs Merrill: $3.75)	Factual: Four U.S. capital cases, 1900-1944, of which Hall-Mills is most famous.	Accents legal rather than emotional aspects; painstaking but lacks narrative punch.	Medium
KISS AND KILL *Adam Knight* (Crown: $2.50)	Skip-Tracer Connacher pokes into NY dept. store heists; skull frequently tapped.	Corpses, easy women abound; cast largely stereotyped; pace various.	Noisily implausible
DEATH BEFORE BEDTIME *Edgar Box* (Dutton: $2.50)	U.S. Senator blown up in DC home; House Guest Pete Sargeant earns bread and butter.	Too much frivolity, too many lay figures; he's beaten this.	Unhot
FUNERALS ARE FATAL *Agatha Christie* (Dodd Mead: $2.50)	Hercule Poirot takes over apparent twin slaughter after British bigwig demises.	Smooth job, as in her previous fifty-seven; pace good, dialogue sharp, lively.	Wee mite tricky
THE IRON COBWEB *Ursula Curtiss* (Dodd Mead: $2.50)	Wife and mother jittery as odd things happen, suspects plots all over place.	Heavy stress on atmosphere; not up to author's previous trio.	Fancy work
THE LADY IN THE MORGUE *Jonathan Latimer* (Crime Club: $2)	Engaging trio of pvt. dicks team up to solve weird Chicago case—reissue of 1936 yarn.	Crime Club 25th anniversary off to fine start with this number.	Literate toughie
THE HARLOT KILLER *Allan Barnard, ed.* (Dodd Mead: $3)	Jack the Ripper saga (London, 1888, unsolved); fact-fiction olio, 13 authors.	Uneven on the whole, but several entries are by capable hands.	Specialty
THE DETECTION OF MURDER *William F. Kessler, M.D., and Paul B. Weston* (Greenberg: $3.50)	Handbook by physician and NY deputy inspector; catalogues methods, motives, what to look for, etc.	Once-over-lightly treatment, but conscientious and informative; many case histories.	Has its points

—Sergeant Cuff.

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TV AND RADIO

Wednesday Night on the Box

FOR a number of unimportant reasons I have been able to attend to my television-watching more consistently on Wednesday nights than at any other time, and as a reward I have seen Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., deliver a short history of dueling, making play with derringers and foils, and assuring us that "the challenge of modern life" calls for Rheingold beer. Apart from that, it has been my impression that Wednesday was so off an off-night that even one-dimensional movies would seem rich in comparison, all the programs looking like poor-man's versions of something else. Checking almost illegible notes written in darkness against program listings over several weeks hasn't done much to change this judgment. A few good-to-nearly-fine programs occur, but as summer replacement time approaches I begin to wonder what will happen.

At seven there has been Captain Video and half an hour later you could choose between "What's the Story" and "A Date with Judy"; the lesser Godfrey show plays opposite "I Married Joan" (the lesser "Lucy" show?); there are several half-hour filmed dramas and, while this element in programming is always a variable, the Wednesday night offerings have usually been on the vapid side; "Man Against Crime" is the night's most successful effort to prove that routine can always be counted on to be routine and, by now, if you have taken in "Strike It Rich," you are ready for the 10 o'clock bang, "This Is Your Life," a really singular program in which Ralph Edwards brings on family albums and private memories to re-create, for his guest, his or her life, the guest almost fainting with surprise when relatives, former employers, or grammar-school teachers appear in person to help tell the story of an obscure, but good, telephone operator or a famous member of Alcoholics Anonymous. It is after this point that Mr. Fairbanks appears and, the time being 11 p.m., the evening is pretty well shot.

I do not know the ratings for these programs, but they are the best known of the lot; they certainly set the tone for the evening. Not in the same general atmosphere, there are Charles Laughton's readings and the "Johns Hopkins Science Review"; Laughton charmed me by saying that "the Mott people" (I think that is how he referred to his sponsor) had suggested omitting the middle commercial and the Johns Hopkins program both charmed and impressed me by a sort of resolute non-professionalism; after several years on the air it has the freshness and the awkwardness of the amateur.

Trying to get the real amateur, or the semi-professional, into an act hasn't always been easy, Major Bowes and Arthur Godfrey being the two most successful practitioners of the art. A program called "Stage a Number" has been going for some time, the staging being done by teachers of music, dancing, and so on, the performances, I gather, being by their pupils. It seemed disjointed, the performers missing the ingratiating quality of the true amateur, and the production running down to a point where, where an MC asked a guest some questions about her own career, the answers were obviously being read, not spoken.

I have said that the plays (on film in every case if I am not reading my notes wrong) have not been of a high order. On one program we had a convict who had submitted a book to a publisher; a letter had been received and the warden obligingly asked the convict to read it aloud. The publisher's editor wrote, "I am taking the liberty of showing your MSS. to the head of our firm" and presently we saw the head of the firm accepting the book and immediately sending for the head of the art department to design a jacket for it. (The art-man said he wanted to read it, which appeared to strike the publisher as an unnecessary detail, but he didn't actually forbid it.) With the introduction of a bored "high-society" girl, the play then went off into the usual melodramatics. Did the convict actually steal the bracelet? Will the girl confess she was wrong in her accusation? And so on.

I KNOW there are specialists on other nights who will assert that theirs are no better than Wednesday—but Thursday has Groucho Marx and the "Lux Video Theatre" and "Author Meets the Critic" and "Foreign Intrigue"; Friday has Ozzie and Harriet and "Down You Go"; Monday and Tuesday have either big dramatic hours or the Berle-Bishop Sheen conflict; the special sense of the stale or the stillborn seems reserved for Wednesday and, while that would suggest to an outsider that Wednesday is just the night for throwing in a big first-rate program of any kind, sweeping in a vast audience, the professionals seem to go in the opposite direction. Since no topnotch program is on, the only thing to do is to go along with the tide and if you have a great program, spot it opposite another fine show, on some other night, splitting and irritating the audience.

Critics of the popular arts are generally taken to be moralists who cannot abide anything but perfection and are therefore inhuman. They have often laid themselves open to the charge by pointing out how much third-rate stuff is manufactured—often adding that Gresham's law will operate, and bad will drive out the good. I have done this myself to an extent, and watching Wednesday nights on the box has been a warning to me, because I know perfectly well that these inferior programs do not draw the vast audiences of the better ones, nor do I seriously fear that the quality of the best programs will be down-graded to the lowest level of entertainment.

THE concentration of so much poor fare on a single night may be accidental, it may have commercial reasoning behind it; the important thing is that in some four hours of broadcasting, the *average* viewer doesn't get a single fine example of the kind of thing he likes and wants. He accepts what he gets, gratefully enough to justify dozens of sponsors, but this mood of consent has become a habit and no apologist for our present standards can say that Wednesday night is really "giving the people what they want" because the people so obviously want the same sort of thing, *but of higher quality*, on other nights. That people want melodrama and amusing panel shows is true; that they prefer the third-rate in these categories is not true.

In these same four hours (which is really twenty hours, because five stations at least are transmitting) the intelligent well-read man, familiar with and enthusiastic for popular entertainment, gets almost nothing. That is bad. But the feeding of low-quality stuff to the faithful followers of television is worse. As it is, Wednesday night is a rather awful example of what television could become—and we should be grateful to sponsors and stations alike for isolating the other nights of the week from the contagion of Wednesday, for proving to their own profit and our satisfaction that the common denominator does not have to be low more than once a week.

—GILBERT SELDES.

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Russia

Continued from page 13

difficult to imagine. We obtain an inkling of the alteration of man under totally new conditions, where life is lived in mutual distrust and suspicion, in ruthless conflict among pretenders, in enacting roles, in identification with these roles.

Is this a new man? No, it is the man we may all well show ourselves to be under similar conditions. What is falsehood? The answer must be formulated differently if the basic conditions of our very existence involvé an inescapable compulsion to falsehood. The reader of Mr. Milosz's book must perforce think of himself, for the certainties of his very existence are brought into question.

Insofar as it describes specific experiences, though no names are given, the book is to be classed with those of the "renegades" who have broken with their regime and now offer their revelations. The distastefulness of such unmasking is relieved by the instruction they afford, for only a participant can know the impulses he experienced and be in position to teach us the elements. In the case of Milosz, the distastefulness is further relieved by the attitude of a man whose profound anguish is perceptible through the clarity and artistry of his objective account. This is the language of a man who is detached from concerns with self, who has achieved perspective.

MILOSZ does not write like a converted Communist; he has none of the aggressive fanaticism for freedom whose gestures, tones, and conduct display a perverted totalitarianism.

Neither does he write like an emigre of the opposition, with a practical interest in the downfall of the regime and his own restoration. He speaks like a man profoundly stirred by a passion for righteousness and unvarnished truth, and reveals himself only through his analysis of the effects of terror.

Because of him we shall be more circumspect in our judgments of men under totalitarian regimes. Mr. Milosz does retain, as the palpable background of all that he writes, the eternal oppositions of good and evil, noble and base, true and false, but he does not apply them as ready-made formulas. The reality of the world of terror tinges these very oppositions with new shadings. The thing is uncanny.

In Milosz we have a writer for whom separation from the world of his mother tongue is an ineffaceable pain and produces an incessant questioning of his own being. These essays give the impression of an author communing with himself, to secure his own footing. What becomes of a man who is wrenched from his soil? In our world millions have suffered this lot. Milosz is not concerned with the obvious: we know that a man without a state (but only since 1914) is a man without rights, that a citizen of the world without the passport of a specific state is less than a man in the encounters of life (as has been abundantly demonstrated by Hannah Arendt in her magnificent book, "The Origins of Totalitarianism" [1951]). Milosz is concerned with a larger issue. Even a man who has obtained another passport is cut off at the root.

WHAT becomes of him in the spiritual, ethical, human sense? This remains a question to which our century will supply an answer by the actuality created by men like Milosz who are representatives of a general situation. Their very humanity, expressed in their candid and serious experiences, will prove them to be truly citizens of the world.

Finally, this book is directed as an admonition to modern man who has grown empty and flings himself into a faith which involves lawless destruction as a result of terror, of which enslavement of the spirit is the instrument. Milosz's book adjures and warns against a faith which in practice possesses the remarkable configuration of verification through lies, of truth through lies, the configuration of a dialectic which devours the substance of humanity.

The terrifying realities which have often been recounted Milosz sets forth with peculiar intimacy. Here is the utterance of a heart which palpitates to every reality destructive of man, of an eye which searches the soul truly, of a righteousness which is beyond expression.

What Americans Think

Continued from page 9

be given. The percentages who selected the strongest powers are impressive:

	%
Prevent any member country from starting a war against an outside country	87
Decide which country is right if two members get into a dispute	85
Decide what taxes individual member nations must pay for its support	80
Decide what military strength each member nation can have	78
Regulate the rights of airplanes of member nations to land on airfields of other member nations	70
Have a permanent military force of its own stronger than any single nation's	59
Decide what tariff rates should be charged by member nations	52
Decide which side is right if a civil war breaks out in a member nation	49
Decide minimum standards for working conditions in member countries	36

AS THE time drew close for actually setting up the United Nations in San Francisco, support for it grew even larger. When the conference actually opened in July 1945, three-quarters of the American people felt that the United Nations couldn't succeed unless the United States was in it, and the same number *wanted* a United Nations with this country in it.

Whenever as many as 75 per cent of Americans favor something, it usually means that support cuts pretty well across the boards—among most groups in the population. It is true that support for formation of the United Nations was a little stronger in some parts of the population than others. For instance, men, young people, college-trained people, prosperous people were all a little more strongly pro-United Nations than some other groups. But the differences weren't great—and the significant thing is that the United Nations was backed by majorities in all groups, whether men or women, young or old, rich or poor, Republican or Democrat, Easterner or Westerner.

The United Nations started off on a firm basis indeed, with support for it well spread across the length and breadth of the country.

Once formed, the United Nations

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has not been challenged in the sense that any responsible public figure has questioned the desirability of its existence. It has been challenged in the sense that—despite its existence—the road to peace has not yet been cleared. In the seven years since its inception a good deal has happened to discourage fair-weather friends of international cooperation. Almost at the beginning the fundamental differences between Russia and her former allies became apparent. Through the forum of the United Nations the United States has been denounced for selfish, imperialist motives. Trouble spots have appeared one after another throughout the world. In many lands and among many peoples there has seemed to exist no real desire to settle problems through discussion or on a parliamentary basis. The United Nations police action in Korea has been long drawn out and has had many aspects of real war.

IT IS natural that many people—in this country and abroad—are wondering what Americans will do now. We saw the post-World-War-I generation settle back into an attitude of non-participation in the League of Nations. It happened quickly after a victory for the Republican Party. The United States has once again voted out the party that carried them through war and the first stages of the peace. Some people throughout the world are wondering if there is a parallel despite the fact that President Eisenhower has forcefully put himself in the ranks of those who believe international cooperation and action is essential to world peace.

One time that fair-weather friends of international organization might have been expected to turn their backs on the United Nations was in its early years, when the nature of the differences between Russia and the Western democracies first became apparent and before the United States had formulated positive measures such as the Marshall Plan and the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Rather than turning back in those early days, Americans were disposed to move forward and seek new methods of solving the problems of peace. For example, in 1946 just after the first United Nations Assembly in London, we asked a cross section of Americans to select between three propositions with these results:

	%
America should give up trying to build any kind of international organization and instead form separate alliances with friendly nations	10
2. America should continue to count on the United Nations and do all it can to make it work	55
3. America should start now to organize a world government in which we would become a member state	16
4. Couldn't decide between propositions 2 and 3	3
5. No opinion	15

Two years later the Politburo in Moscow had called on Communists over the world to defeat the Marshall Plan, Czechoslovakia had been forced to yield to the Russians and install a Communist government, and Berlin had been blockaded. Yet few Americans had changed their minds—and those who had were more inclined to go forward than back. Our surveys showed that: the percentage who wanted to give up international organization had only increased from 10 to 12 per cent; the percentage who thought we should continue to count on the United Nations had only dropped from 55 to 51 per cent; but the percentage who thought we should start now to organize a world government had increased from 16 to 24 per cent.

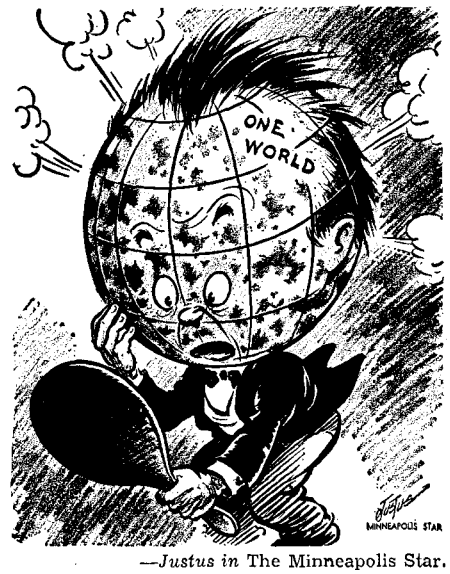
This emergence of interest in world government probably must be considered more as an indication of where people want to go than as a firmly thought-through and well-formulated concept. Up to now, the idea of some form of world government hasn't been sufficiently debated on a national scale to permit full consolidation of opinions about it. Depending on the way the idea of world government is presented to people, percentages approving of it range widely. For instance, when world government is considered as something to strive for—and to be done slowly—a substantial majority of the people say they are for it. When it is considered as something which only the *democratic* nations might actually start to get together on now, about 40 per cent approve. When it is considered as an organization of democratic nations to which control of the atom bomb would be given, the percentage approving drops to around 20 per cent. At the same time, the fact that a considerable percentage of people in America are disposed to look beyond present forms of international organization gauges the depth of the change that has occurred since the 1920's and early 30's.

THE final decisions as to our role in the world—whether we continue in international or isolationist directions—will be determined by the reactions to specific events and what is done about them. There seems little question but what the United Nations as an organization is firmly established.

As late as 1951, 75 per cent of a cross section of Americans answered in a survey made by Gallup that they believed the United States should remain a member of the United Nations. Before the difficulties facing the United Nations were fully known the figure was somewhat higher; but it is significant that this is the same percentage as were in favor of our becoming a member when it was first founded. At the same time, it is too much to expect that in our new role in the world all actions and all policies would come through without criticisms—and they haven't, either in Korea or in Europe. The question is whether the nature of the criticisms will lead to pulling back or forging ahead.

The theory of operating the Korean War was never well sold to the American public, particularly during the period of fiercest fighting. Whether the policy of a contained police ac-

"An Historic Moment."



—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.
"Nationalism Rash."

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tion will make greater sense in retrospect to more people remains to be seen. But whatever else it was, the criticism of the Korean War was never in the traditional isolationist direction. Even towards the end of the first round of Panmunjom conferences, only 23 per cent of Americans thought we should have stayed out of Korea in the first place, and only 13 per cent were for pulling out and letting the Koreans settle their own problems. The criticism was rather for letting the situation come to a stalemate, and for not getting ahead with the military action fast enough. In the same way, the criticism of our program in Europe is more of ways and means than it is of the fundamental program itself. Only a sixth of the people would be in favor of our leaving the countries of Western Europe to build up their own defenses entirely. But a substantial minority (42 per cent) question the *amount* of aid we are given to Western European countries.

NEVERTHELESS, there may be the beginnings of a less solid front in the urge of Americans for international cooperation and organization as a result of divided opinion concerning specific actions—and this may become more pronounced with Russia's new peace moves. This is the challenge to the new Administration. Despite criticisms of specific actions, a majority of Americans have approved the course the United States has taken since World War II. During the heat of the Presidential campaign when criticism of the Democratic Administration was at its height, we asked people whether they thought it a good thing or a mistake that "America took the leadership in trying to keep the peace of the world by aiding other countries through the Marshall Plan and rearming the free world against Communism." Fifty-five per cent of the people called it a good thing; only 14 per cent flatly said it was a mistake. The rest either had no opinion or mixed feelings on the subject.

There are several groups working for one or another form of "larger" government to meet the new needs created by the shrinking of space, via the airplane, and the enhanced means for self destruction, via the atom and hydrogen bombs. One group would have Western Europe federate into a United States of Europe, much as our own states did in 1787. Another group would extend such federation to include all signatories to the Atlantic Pact—which, of course, includes the United States. Both of these groups would leave Russia and her satellites out of any plans for larger government unless and until the present Russian regime becomes a truly democratic force bent on peace rather than world aggression. Still another group believes in a universal approach, seeking to strengthen the United Nations into a federation with powers confined to the common security.

Every one of these groups is led by men whose devotion to America cannot be questioned — except perhaps by the *Chicago Tribune*; such men as General William Donovan and Allen Dulles for Western European Union; former Supreme Court Justice Owen J. Roberts and Will Clayton for the Atlantic Union Committee: Norman Cousins and Cass Canfield for the World Federalists.

The differences between these men are differences over method. All agree that economic and military changes demand that political changes take place too, that our present political set-ups are inadequate for these times —especially in the face of powerful aggression. The significant thing is that all are seeking *new* methods to peace rather than turning back to an isolationism no longer protected by two oceans.

WITH today's swift-moving pattern of events, one would be foolhardy indeed to try to predict what the directions for the future are likely to be. America's early steps in the twentieth-century international field have been taken with a broad and firm base of public support. In the face of early discouragements we have gone on to seek new methods of solution, rather than turning back to the old. Criticisms of what has been done—justified or not—have not questioned the basic sense of the steps that have been taken. At least so far, the people of the United States are standing behind their earlier conviction that, whether we like it or not, we are inevitably bound up with what happens elsewhere on this planet.

Whatever support the first Senator Lodge may—or may not—have had from his contemporaries or however much the middle generation between the two wars had come to agree with him, the second Senator Lodge has entered upon duties well approved by his countrymen. They agree with him that in his job as United States representative to the United Nations there "is a great chance to build a world in which our young men will no longer need to go off to combat."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

WUPPAPER DYUH READ?

Beatrice S. Firestone of Cincinnati, Ohio, offers twenty fragments which enshrine the names of twenty newspapers or other serial publications, some present, some past. Identification of twelve of these (plus, of course, identification of the authors) indicates a moderate range of periodical knowledge, seventy an extensive, and eighty or better a surpassing. Answers on page 41.

1. The lark, the ——— of the morn.
2. Oh, ——— I cannot hold thee close enough.
3. Our ——— are in his hand.
4. The desire of the moth for the ———.
5. Like a blind spinner in the ———.
6. And ——— is never the same again.
7. The notes of the ——— ring sweet in mine ear.
8. Give me ——— or give me death.
9. Only a ——— and a voice.
10. In hopes that ——— ——— soon would be there.
11. And ——— much older than their ale went round.
12. Yet not for all his faith can see
    Would I that cowled ——— be.
13. Evil news rides ——— while good news waits.
14. To hold, as 'twere, the ——— up to nature.
15. The deep immense ———.
    Is still beneath the waves.
16. King over all the children of pride is the ———.
17. I am sick of ——— and I desire to rest.
18. Capital, created by the labor of the ———.
19. He who would write and can't write, can surely ———
20. If thou of ——— be bereft
    And in thy store there be but left
    Two loaves, sell one and with the dole
    Buy hyacinths to feed thy soul.

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An Opera for the Queen

Continued from page 23

tributed to the libretto of "Gloriana": a love poem which he wrote. "Happy Were He," is used word for word in the first act.

Britten began composing in September of last year. He works easily under pressure and was able to deliver the completed orchestral score at the end of March, thanks in large measure to the help he received from Miss Imogen Holst, daughter of Gustav Holst, who copied out the full score, page by page, as Britten finished the rough draft.

Like William Plomer, Britten has shied clear of the "merrie Englande" element in his writing. "Gloriana" is an opera in the contemporary idiom, perhaps more direct in style than his other works, but definitely of our time.

Somebody recently asked Britten whether "Gloriana" was the kind of music that could be whistled. "It may be possible," he replied, "but you would have to be a very competent whistler." It is a "big" opera like "Peter Grimes," not a chamber-style work like "The Rape of Lucretia," and it calls for a large orchestra and chorus, a dozen principals, and eighteen dancers. Interspersed throughout the work are orchestral interludes, and in Act II there is a masque.

Cast as Elizabeth and Essex are two singers who have become the "official" interpreters of Britten's vocal music: Joan Cross and Peter Pears. Miss Cross created the roles of Ellen Orford in "Peter Grimes," the Female Chorus in "The Rape of Lucretia," and Lady Billows in "Albert Herring," while Mr. Pears was the original Peter Grimes, Albert Herring, Male Chorus in "The Rape," and Captain Vere in "Billy Budd." Although Britten did not compose "Gloriana" specifically for these two singers, he certainly had them in mind as he worked.

John Pritchard, who has directed Mozart recently at Glyndebourne, will be the conductor. John Cranko is responsible for the choreography, John Piper for the sets and costumes. This triumvirate of Johns represents some of the most promising of postwar British talent, and there is no doubt in the high councils of Covent Garden that the result will be extraordinary.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1001)

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(PRINCE OF PLAYERS)
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Just Published

MANY of the books described here, which we do not have space to review in this issue, will be given more extended notice in early issues.

AFFAIR OF THE HEART. By Margaret Long. New York: Random House. $3.50. Racial conflict in a small town in Georgia, as it eddies around a fighting white newspaperwoman.

AFTER THE REGENCY: A Guide to Late Georgian and Early Victorian Collecting, 1820-1860. By Bernard and Therle Hughes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5. A collector's guide for the furniture, china, glassware, and various objets d'art of the post-Regency period in England.

AMERICAN VANGUARD: 1953. Edited by Charles I. Glicksberg and Brom Weber. Dial Press. $4. The fourth collection from the Writer's Workshop of the New School, including new poetry, short stories, sketches, and sections of novels in progress.

AMERICANS AND CHINESE: Two Ways of Life. By Francis L. K. Hsu. New York: Henry Schuman. $4. An attempt by a Chinese scholar to show that his people, although radically different from Americans, are human and lovable, too, and so worth the attention of those sections of our population who still believe Americans are the only folk in the world really worth their salt.

AN ARTIST GROWS UP IN MEXICO. By Leah Brenner. New York: Beechhurst Press. $3. Seven stories about the growing up of a Mexican painter in the time of Diaz in Mexico. Sixteen pen-and-ink sketches by Diego Rivera.

THE BABYLONIANS. By Nathaniel Norsen Weinrub. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.95. The Piltdown man will probably be the next subject of a historical novel, but in the meantime we have a pageant of the great and wicked days of Babylon during the time of Nebuchadnezzar.

BENJAMIN BRITTEN. Edited by Donald Mitchell and Hans Keller. New York: Phosophical Library. $7.50. A collection of essays on the composer and his work, together with a discography, bibliography, and assorted indexes.

THE BRONTE STORY. By Margaret Lane. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $5. A group portrait of the Bronte family, with special emphasis on Charlotte, and the early days at Haworth Parsonage.

CHILD ARTISTS OF THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH. By M. D. Miller and F. Rutter. New York: British Book Centre. $3.25. Forty-four reproductions, four in color, of the art work done in Australia by aboriginal children, with an explanatory text.

CHRISTIAN FAITH AND SOCIAL ACTION: A Symposium. Edited by John A. Hutchison. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50. Thirteen essays written by friends and former students of Reinhold Niebuhr, such as Paul Lehmann, Roger Shinn, and Paul Tillich, on the ethics and practice of modern Christianity.

THE DIPLOMATS: 1919-1939. Edited by Gordon A. Craig and Felix Gilbert. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. $9. A collection of pieces by seventeen experts on the successes and blunders of the world's diplomats in the unquiet years between the two World Wars.

DIRECTING THE PLAY: A Source Book of Stagecraft. Edited with an Illustrated History of Directing by Toby Cole and Helen Krich Chinoy. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $4. Twenty-four pieces on the theory and practice of staging a play, by G. B. S., Stanislavsky, Bertolt Brecht, Elia Kazan, Harold Clurman, Louis Jouvet, David Belasco, and others.

THE DRUNKEN BOAT. By Arthur Rimbaud. New York: British Book Centre. $2.50. New translations of thirty-six poems by the French poet, some of which have never been rendered into English before.

THE ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT OF MEXICO. Report of the Combined Mexican Working Party. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. $10. A report on the economic development of modern Mexico.

THE END OF THE WORLD: A Scientific Inquiry. By Kenneth Heuer. New York: Rinehart & Co. $3.50. After a brief history of the many end-of-the-world prophecies, a science writer goes on to measure the earth's life in scientific terms. Unless we blow it up, the sun explodes, or we collide with the moon, he feels we are good for another 50,000,000 years.

ETHICAL ASPECTS OF TRAGEDY. By Laura Jepsen. Gainesville: University of Florida Press. $3.75. An examination of the Aristotelian theory of tragedy as seen in the Greek, Senecan, and Shakespearean plays, and of how that theory, in its various workings out, is in reality a set of universal attitudes towards life.

THE FACE BESIDE THE FIRE. By Laurens Van der Post. New York: William Morrow & Co. $3.50. A novel by the author of "Voyage to the Interior" about a young painter who refuses to join the Church, takes to the cup when his first marriage founders, returns to South Africa from London to help his mother, and on the way meets the girl who can get him on the right track again.

FATHER TOMPKINS OF NOVA SCOTIA. By George Boyle. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $3. A biography of a pastor, teacher, social worker, and leader of the "Antigonish Movement" in Nova Scotia.

A GUIDE TO THE MOON. By Patrick Moore. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. $3.95. A complete Baedeker to the moon—its history, place in the universe, and its face—for those aboard the first ship out.

HIDDEN THREADS OF HISTORY. By Louis B. Wehle. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.50. Mr. Wehle tells of some of the inner doings of FDR's Administration, in which he was highly placed.

THE HORSEMEN OF THE AMERICAS And the Literature They Inspired. By Edward Larocque Tinker. New York: Hastings House. $15. A history of the South American gaucho, the Mexican charro, and the U.S. cowboy, together with selections of some writings they have inspired.

HOW TO BELIEVE: Answering the Questions That Challenge Man's Faith. By Ralph W. Sockman. New York: Doubleday & Co. $2.50. A statement of principles of faith.

I MARRIED A BOAT. By Anitra M. Marsland. New York: Abelard Press. $3. An account by a lady who married a man with a boat, and of their nineteen years and 17,000 miles of small-boat sailing over the coastal waters of the U.S.

I WAS A DRUG ADDICT. By Leroy Street. As told to David Loth. New York: Random House. $3. A case history of a drug addict who got started at the age of fifteen, and finally managed to pull out when he was twenty-eight.

THE IDOLS AND THE PREY. By John Goodwin. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50. Set in modern Haiti, this novel concerns three whites, the Cannerys, who get themselves involved in that country's nervous color situation, drink too much, and get mumbo-jumboed by voodoo.

THE LIFE OF THE ROBIN. By David Lack. Baltimore: Penguin Books. 65c. A reissue of a long monograph on a year in a typical robin's life as it was observed in England.

LOGIC AND LANGUAGE. Edited by A. G. N. Flew. New York: Philosophical Library. $4.75. A collection of articles from learned quarterlies on logic and semantics.

MAN ALONE. By William Doyle, with Scott O'Dell. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3. A first-person account of twenty years in an American prison by a man sentenced to life imprisonment.

MANTA: Under the Red Sea with Spear and Camera. By Hans Hass. Chicago: Rand McNally & Co. $4.50. Subaqueous exploration is a bustling business these days, and here we have a book, with many photographs, of the doings within the Red Sea, where creatures like the 22-foot manta ray live and breathe.

MARQUIS DE SADE: A Study by Simone de Beauvoir, with Selections From His Writings Compiled and Translated by Paul Dinnage. New York: Grove Press. $5. Selections from the writings of the puzzling, brilliant French theorist, with an analytical essay by the author of "The Second Sex," entitled "Must We Burn Sade?"

MONSIEUR PAUL. By Henri Calet. Translated by Douglas McKee. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3. A novel in which a Frenchman in his forties sets down his reminiscences of his life, which has included both wife and mistress, several wars, and embezzlement, in the hope that his experiences will later help his infant illegitimate son.

MOTHERS ON THEIR OWN. By Elbrun Rochford. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.75. A handbook for mothers who, for one reason or another, find themselves alone in the world with a brood of children to raise.

SHAKESPEARE. By Henri Fluchere. Translated by Guy Hamilton. With a Foreword by T. S. Eliot. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $5. A complete critique of Shakespeare's plays, using the best of modern criticism by such as F. R. Leavis.

THE WATCHER AND THE RED DEER. By Richard Perry. New York: British Book Centre. $2.75. A naturalist describes the four seasons of the red deer that roam the Scottish Highlands.

THE WORLD REVISITED. By Stephen Longstreet. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.75. Mixing business and pleasure, a filmwriter and novelist zooms around the world, accompanied by a Miss Tone, who sees everything as one mass of devastation compared with the good old days of musketry.

TWO WORLDS FOR MEMORY. By Alfred Noyes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $5. Alfred Noyes, the highwayman, who has always venerated the tradition of metre and rhyme in his poetry, gives us his life story: Victorian upbringing, awkward entanglements with rebels like the Sitwells, his teaching at Princeton (Edmund Wilson & Scott Fitzgerald), and his ultimate conversion to Roman Catholicism.

THE UNDERSEA MOUNTAIN. By Harold Norse. Denver: Alan Swallow, Publisher. $2. Some new poems by a practitioner of the "new poetry."

WHAT CAN I KNOW?: The Prophetic Answer. By Herrymon Maurer. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50. Gradgrind loved fact above all else, as does Mr. Maurer, who attempts here to formulate a philosophy based on an absolute reality free of rationalization and emotion and the clutter of the human imagination.

WINNING IN WALL STREET. By Ira U. Cobleigh. New York: David McKay Co. $2. An advisory book on how, and how not, to play the stock market.

THE WRECK OF THE "MAID OF ATHENS". By Emily Wooldridge. Edited by Laurence Irving. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.75. A journal of a shipwreck off the coast of Tierra Del Fuego in 1870, written by the wife of the ship's captain.

THE YOUNG ELIZABETH. By Jennette and Francis Letton. New York: Harper & Bros. $3. The early and not so well-known days of Elizabeth I, who had William Cecil, Lady Jane Grey, the Dudleys, and Mary Queen of Scots to contend with.

—W.B.

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Fiction

Continued from page 18

this. He has refrained from telling us about the war and the man in textbook fashion. He has taken us into that war. We know what it was like now, because we have gone into it, eager as Tim, carrying our own rifles. He has brought us the highest gift one of his particular art can bring—the feeling that we know one special little spot of the past because we ourselves have lived in it.

—SHIRLEY BARKER.

SHUT-IN'S REVENGE: Six years in bed had been Miss Mildred Thompson's secret revenge on life and her younger sister, Mary—ample time to recall the injustices of both in detail. When Mr. Hughes, the rector of Barleywick, suggested idly that Mildred keep a diary, as a means of self-expression and of passing her invalid days, he had no idea he would one day find it necessary to publish so large a volume in the public interest.

E. M. D. Hawthorne's **"Quietly She Lies"** (Harper, $2.75) is the story, in Mildred's own words, of a wholly misleading woman. As the reader is told, with remarkably cool objectivity, of the events of her life, from a Victorian childhood, complete with Freudian undertones, through a widely unsuspected Edwardian downfall, to some even more serious events of the nearer past, he is made delicately aware of a growing counterpoint of menace. Recounting past frustrations, Miss Thompson is also honing present grievances to a dangerous edge.

As a long past swiftly closes to the mounting tension of the present, some fairly surprising changes occur in Miss Thompson. The reader of "Quietly She Lies" will long ago have begun to ponder the double sense of the title, to wonder just what his uncomfortable presentiments really are. No matter what he may think he is prepared for, the novel's *volte face* postscript will probably startle him as much as it must have shocked the villagers of placid-appearing Barleywick, whose bells, it develops, had tolled some peculiar passings indeed.

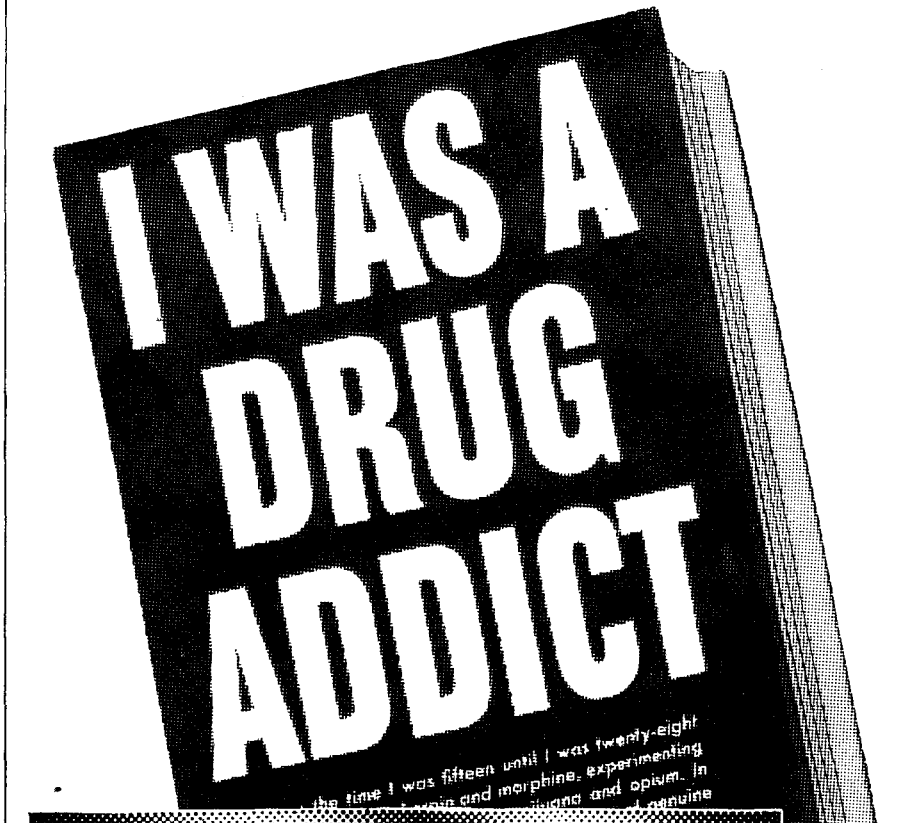
Slightly reminiscent of Joseph Shearing and even of Ivy Compton-Burnett, "Quietly She Lies" is a superior novel of suspense with an astringent horror—and humor—of its own.

—LEWIS VOGLER.

GLITTER WITHOUT GOLD: Robert Lund, who once lived in Alaska for two years, makes in **"The Alaskan"** (John Day, $4) the expected effort to mine that experience for literary gold. The effort is strenuous, and things ought to have panned out well. There are drinking bouts to make Don Birnam envious, sexual feats to give pause to Boswell, and the kind of job-hopping jitters that delight the analysts. Unfortunately, the end product is fool's gold; whiskey, women, and wanderlust are an inadequate definition of Alaska. Furthermore, the story that they are built into is as wooden as the sidewalk planking of a frontier town.

The time is 1934: the place Seward, a desolate little port with a couple of hundred houses and a half a dozen saloons; the hero one Wade Carlson, a stowaway from Seattle. Carlson, big, young, and poor, arrives with twenty cents, a package of Bull Durham, a pocket-knife, and a letter from the police chief of Cheyenne, Wyoming, attesting to his good character. Mr. Lund turns him into stevedore, tradesman, sailor, miner, trapper, and fisherman by turns. At story's end, countless cases of whiskey and three badly managed love affairs later, Carlson has forty thousand dollars. Before a new rush to Alaska gets under way, it is only fair to add that the chief ingredients in Carlson's rise to affluence is luck. A dumber and more durable hero would be difficult to find in recent fiction.

—CHARLES LEE.



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SR's World Travel Calendar

JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER

Austria

CONGRESS *(July 15-23, Bad Aussee and Salzburg):* Music teachers from Europe and USA to discuss pedagogical questions.

BREGENZ FESTIVAL *(July 25-Aug. 16, Bregenz):* "Boccaccio," "The Conspiracy of Fiesco at Genoa." Ballet.

SALZBURG FESTIVAL *(July 26-Aug. 30, Salzburg):* "Everyman," "Don Giovanni," "Der Rosenkavalier," "Marriage of Figaro." Concerts. *Jahrmarkt,* annual fair, with rifle contests, dancing.

FORUM OF AUSTRIAN COLLEGE *(Aug. 15-Sept. 4, Alpbach, Tyrol):* Main topic of discussion: "What Is Man?"

ANTHROPOLOGICAL ETHNOLOGICAL CONGRESS *(Sept. 1-8, Vienna):* Some 300 lectures for a thousand visiting authorities and hobbyists.

Britain

TENNIS *(July 1-4, Wimbledon, Surrey):* All-England lawn championships.

GOLF *(July 6-10, Carnoustie, Angus):* The British Open Championship.

EISTEDDFOD *(July 7-12, Llangollen, Denbighshire):* International choral festival.

CHAMBER MUSIC *(July 11-18, Haslemere, Surrey):* Early chamber music.

CANTERBURY FESTIVAL *(July 15-Aug. 8, Canterbury, Kent):* Religious music, drama in ancient cathedral.

PAGEANT *(July 17-25, Warwickshire):* The history of Warwick Castle dramatized in ten episodes. Tournaments. Morris Dances.

SONGFEST *(Aug. 1-8, Rhyl, Flintshire):* Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales.

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL *(Aug. 23-Sept. 12 Edinburgh):* Glyndebourne Opera, Yehudi Menuhin, Isaac Stern, the Old Vic, military tattoo.

ROYAL HIGHLAND GATHERING *(Sept. 3, Braemar, Aberdeenshire):* Annual Scottish Pagaent, Royalty attending.

THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL *(Sept. 6-11, Gloucester):* The 226th annual meeting of famous church choirs from Gloucester, Hereford, Worcester.

Canada

ART, SONG FESTIVAL *(July 5-11, Ste-Adèle, Quebec):* Concerts, ballet, exhibitions of leatherwork.

STAMPEDE *(July 6-11, Calgary, Alberta):* Indian ceremonials a feature of one of the world's top rodeos.

SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVAL *(July 12-Aug. 15, Stratford, Ontario):* "Richard III" and "All's Well That Ends Well" starring Alec Guinness.

GAELIC MOD *(Aug. 3-8, St. Ann, N.S.):* Gaelic and Jacobite plays, choral singing, Highland dancing, bagpipes.

FAIR *(Aug. 28-Sept. 12, Toronto):* Canadian National Exhibition is largest annual display of what Canada makes and grows. Stars entertain.

Denmark

DANISH-AMERICAN FESTIVAL *July 4, Aalborg):* About 40,000 Danes, Danish-Americans celebrate America's Independence Day with music, singing, dancing, speeches.

RADIOLOGY CONGRESS *(July 19-25, Copenhagen):* Seventh international meeting. Prof. Niels Bohr expected to be among 1,500 delegates.

FAIR *(Aug. 6-16, Fredericia):* Silver, china, dairy products at forty-third Danish Industries Fair.

ROWING (Aug. 14-16, Copenhagen): European championship on Bagsvard Lake.

MUSIC FESTIVAL *(Aug. 31-Sept. 4, Copenhagen):* Program devoted to music of Carl Nielsen.

VISITING DAY *(Sept. 5, Copenhagen):* Tourists, Danes go behind scenes of theatres, public buildings. Climax of party at Tivoli Gardens. Prizes.

France

MUSIC FESTIVALS *(July 1-7, Prades):* Pablo Casals to preside over orchestral, chamber-music programs. Music of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Rudolf Serkin, Myra Hess, William Kapell. *(July 1-12, Sceaux):* Lina Dachary, Paul Derenne, Jean Piat. *(July 10-30, Aixen-Provence):* "Barber of Seville," "Cosi fan tutte," concerts. *(July 15-26, Avignon):* "Henri VI," "Les Fourberies de Scapin" and a French contemporary work. *(July 25-Aug. 2, Orange):* Two operas, a tragedy, musical spectacle. *(Aug. 3-14, Menton):* Amadeus Quartet. Piano recitals, symphony concerts. *(Sept. 3-13, Besancon):* Ballet, French, German orchestras.

FOUNTAINS *(July 5, 12, 14, 19, 26; Aug. 2, 9, 16, 30; Sept. 6, 20; Oct. 11, Versailles).*

FOLK FESTIVAL *(Aug. 1-6, Bayonne):* Basque dances, games, music, bullfights.

PILGRIMAGE *(Aug. 15, Lourdes):* Most important visitation of the year to the famous shrine.

GRAND PARDON *(Aug. 29, 30, Plonevez-Porzay):* Spectacular tribute to St. Anne-la-Palud.

AMATEUR FILM FESTIVAL *(Sept. 5-15, Cannes):* International show for non-professionals.

Germany

MOZART FESTIVAL *(July 11-25, Würzburg):* Sacred concert in St. Stephan's Church. Eugen Jochum, conductor. Two chamber-music concerts, four symphonic concerts.

"DIE KINDERZECHE" *(July 17-22, Dinkelsbuhl):* Traditional children's feast with play dramatizing heroic action of youngsters in Thirty Years' War.

OPERA FESTIVAL *(July 22-Aug. 23, Munich):* "Arabella," "Orpheus and Eurydice," "Die Meistersinger," "Salome." Ballet.

WAGNER FESTIVAL *(July 22-Aug. 23, Bayreuth):* "Das Rheingold," "Die Walküre," "Götterdämmerung," "Lohengrin," "Parsifal," "Siegfried," "Tristan und Isolde." Conductors: Joseph Keilberth, Hans Knappertsbusch.

BERLIN'S FESTIVAL *(Aug. 30-Sept. 20, Berlin):* First performance of "Process," an opera; two plays in court of Charlottenburg Castle; chamber music; Verdi's "Requiem," and Schönberg's "Dance Around the Golden Calf."

FAIRS *(Sept. 13-15; 20-22, Cologne):* International Fall Fair features clothing during first period, household goods, hardware during second period. *(Sept. 26-October 11, Berlin):* Fourth German Industries Fair to show heavy machinery, chemicals, radio, television, and other modern devices.

Italy

PALIO *(July 2 and Aug. 16, Siena):* Impressive, colorful, banner-waving contests precede rough and tumble horse race.

OPERA DRAMA *(July 15-Aug. 20, Verona):* The thirty-first opera season at the Roman Arena; sixth drama festival at Roman Theatre.

FESTA *(July 18, Venice):* Feast of the Redeemer celebrated with gala party on Grand Canal.

FILMS *(Aug. 8-18, Venice):* Art, scientific documentaries; films for boys; exhibition.

RELIGIOUS PROCESSION *(Aug. 14, Siena):* Traditional "Offer of the Taper" highlighted by program of religious music.

VENICE FILM FESTIVAL *(Aug. 20-Sept. 12):* The fourteenth annual exhibition of films from many countries.

PIEDIGROTTA *(Sept. 7, 8, Naples):* Parades, carnival; select most popular tune of the year.

Netherlands

HOLLAND FESTIVAL *(July 1-15, The Hague, Scheveningen):* Opera, concerts, choral music.

FLOWER FESTIVALS *(Aug. 3-9, The Hague):* Town converted into "a sea of flowers." *(Sept. 6, Dommelstr., Eindhoven):* Floral parade.

TILTING *(Aug. 27, Walcheren):* Medieval target practice; riders try to pierce ring with lance.

AUTUMN FAIR *(Sept. 1-11, Utrecht):* Agricultural, furniture sections.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT *(Sept. 15, The Hague):* The Queen rides through town in a golden coach to inaugurate lawmakers' session.

Spain

BULL RACE *(July 7, Pamplona):* Crowds chase a bull through the streets.

FAIR *(July 20-31, Valencia):* Battle of flowers, musicals, bullfights.

SEMANA GRANDE *(Aug. 9-16, San Sebastian):* Regatta, folklore, singing, dancing, bull fights.

FIESTAS DE LA ASUNCION *(Aug. 14, 15, Elche):* Ancient drama staged in the church of Santa Maria.

OUR LADY OF MERCY *(Sept. 23-26, Barcelona):* Bullfights, folk dancing.

FAIR *(Sept. 27-29, Seville):* Feast of St. Michael. Parades, fireworks.

Switzerland

FILM FESTIVAL *(July 2-12, Locarno):* Seventh international exhibition.

INDEPENDENCE DAY *(Aug. 1, nationwide):* National holiday. Civic, patriotic celebration.

FESTIVAL *(Aug. 14-16, Geneva):* Flower processions, fireworks.

MUSIC INSTRUCTION *(Aug. 17-Sept. 6, Zermatt):* Courses for professionals by Pablo Casals. Concerts.

MUSIC FESTIVAL *(Sept. 1-13, Montreux):* Symphony concerts at eighth annual "Musical September."

PRAYER DAY *(Sept. 20, Einsiedeln):* "Pilgrims' Sermon," religious procession.

United States

ASPEN SUMMER FESTIVAL *(July 1-Aug. 30, Aspen, Colo.):* Several weekly panel, forum discussions; three weekly concerts; great films of the past.

SYMPHONIC DRAMAS: "Horn In The West," *Boone, N.C., July 1-Sept. 7;* "Lost Colony," *Manteo, N.C., July 1-Sept. 6;* "Unto These Hills," *Cherokee, N.C., July 1-Sept. 7;* "The Common Glory," *Williamsburg, Va., July 1-Sept. 6.*

PLAY FESTIVAL *(July 1-25, Central City, Colo.):* "Carmen," "Merry Wives of Windsor" in English.

SUMMER FESTIVAL *(July 1-26, Sarasota, Fla.):* Jessica Dragonnette; Helen Roberts, Richard Walker of D'Oyly Carte Opera Co. Prizes for art, photography.

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL *(July 1-Sept. 6, Yellow Springs, Ohio):* "Troilus and Cressida," "Coriolanus," "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," "Timon of Athens" on campus of Antioch College.

SEVEN ARTS FESTIVAL *(July 5-20, Lake Tarleton Club, Pike, N.H.):* Discussions led by Earl Wilson, Richard Joseph, Louis Untermeyer, Bennett Cerf, Sen. Charles Tobey, Thomas Benton, John Chapman, Horace Sutton, Irv Kupcinet, others.

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL *(July 11-Aug. 16, Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.):* Concerts in the theatre in July, in the music shed on weekends in August. Pierre Monteux, Leonard Bernstein conductors.

FOLK FESTIVAL *(Aug. 5-8, Asheville, N.C.):* North Carolina's twenty-sixth annual singing, square-dancing contest.

—ROBERT MEYER, JR.

Further information may be obtained by writing World Calendar, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

The Embarrassing Questions

THE record number of Americans pouring into Europe this summer is going to be faced with a record number of questions, all of them embarrassing, many of them unanswerable. This applies particularly to those who will get off the tourist circuit and meet and speak with Europeans, a process which the forces of international understanding have long been advocating. All sorts of bureaus are at work to steer the American out of the capital cities abroad and into the hinterlands, into the country pubs and *auberges* and village taverns and second-class coaches. But those who bolt thoroughly Americanized paths laid across Europe once the tourist season begins will find rough going on the conversational side-roads. And the answers for which one claws will come out of no guide book or jim-dandy money changer or hocus-pocus language-converter. What the Europeans want to know is what about those humiliating entrance requirements we have devised for keeping people out of our country, and what about the way our troops act abroad, and just how did we happen to spawn a McCarthy and what are we going to do about him, and imagine the ridiculousness of Cohn and Schine, and why are American movies so bad, and why have we acted with such petulance and hypocrisy in the Chaplin case.

These and a dozen other topics lie in ambush for the American tourist who wanders afield of the cushioned tourist routes this summer. Few travelers from the United States who whisk through the I-couldn't-careless customs inspections of the French or the magnificently polite-and-cursory formalities of the British have any idea what manner of inquisition is imposed on foreigners arriving at American ports. Hardly a European can resist making the appalling comparision between our entry requirements and theirs, and many through their own bitter experience at our consular offices can recite the McCarran mandates all but verbatim.

Anyone applying for entry into this country must now pledge that he has never had one or more attacks of insanity, nor is addicted to narcotic drugs or alcohol, or afflicted with tuberculosis, leprosy, or any dangerous diseases. One must attest that one is not a beggar or vagrant, that one has not been convicted of a crime involving moral turpitude, or been convicted of two or more offenses for which he has been sentenced to a total of five years or more. Travelers coming to see us in this country must swear they are not polygamists or even advocates thereof, nor may they be prostitutes or even ex-prostitutes, or procurers or apprentice procurers, or have ever received the proceeds of prostitution. Nobody can come to the United States to engage in any immoral act and is required so to swear. If you are a foreigner and you admit you are likely to become a public charge, the road is barred. One must not be a deportee, or a person "fallen into distress," or a former enemy alien unless permission to reapply for admission has been granted by the Attorney General. The visitor must affirm that he is not a stowaway, that he has not bought his visa from an illegal source, that he hasn't remained outside the country to avoid military training in time of national emergency, that he has never been convicted of illicit drug traffic, that he isn't coming over to engage in activities that would prove prejudicial to the public interest, that he has never at any time been an anarchist, Communist, "or other political subversive."

By now our guest has completed twenty-one questions. Still, if he has not come over to engage in espionage, sabotage, an act of public disorder, or to overthrow the country, he has to say so. He must also attest to the plain fact that he is not coming here merely to accompany someone who is insane, helpless, or otherwise excluded. Finally he may not gain these shores if he ever gave encouragement or aid to any alien who sought to enter the United States illegally.

Having solemnly attested to these twenty-four conditions and been found guilty of none, the foreigner must now dip his ten fingers in black ink, an act which he has understood from our motion pictures is ordinarily reserved for the processing of criminal types.

THESE procedures have endeared us to few people abroad, and while the details are known only vaguely by our own citizens, a surprising number support the McCarran principles. Two ample American ladies enjoying the sun and glitter of Jamaica the other week told me that our entry requirements were "necessary to keep out the Communists." Invoking the barest amount of imagination, one can dream of the tables being turned, and the two American matrons standing on a French pier and being asked (in the interests of weeding out the Communists), "Is it that Madame is entering France for the purpose of practising prostitution?" Ah, the cries of rage that would echo all summer from the docks at Le Havre and Cherbourg!

The American tourist will also be required to answer for McCarthy. With the Eisenhower Administration barely three months old, the Wisconsin contribution was, especially in England, one of the great imponderables of darkest America. Skimpy British papers were devoting great

Mandates? Menace? Morals? Movies? Menshevik?

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Who said it, though?
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Old Uncle Joe?
Someone you know?

blocks of space to biographies of the Senator, not always complete, and with many of the sordid details edited out. Yet McCarthy was being taken seriously, as a potential menace. The arrival of his juvenile deputies abroad, however, was too much, and hoots and catcalls echoed from the press of Europe. A Hamburg paper dubbed them Schnüffler, or Snoopers. The London *Daily Express* had a rousing field day with parodies on the old Gallagher and Shean routine, and its columns sang with "Positively Mr. Cohn/Absolutely Mr. Schine." The *News Chronicle* dreamed about a McCarthy investigation of the BBC, which is located at Portland Place, and wrote poetry:

> The bugles sound in Portland Place
> Cohn and Schine are drawing near,
> Schine and Cohn, rise and Schine
> Schine is fine, Cohn knows no fear.

But while the press cavorted gaily it is certain that sage souls shook their heads all over Europe and said that, just as they had suspected, that big giant across the seas is green and immature, politically adolescent, and internationally irresponsible. Who else would have allowed such a preposterous pair to make such a scene abroad, who else would have by democratic process elected such a Senator for a *second* term to its country's legislature? These are the charges which American voyagers will be required to answer in the railway carriages, the *auberges*, and the pubs.

DOUBTLESS they will be asked, too, about McCarthy's personal investigation into Clement Attlee's political sympathies (the Senator declaimed that he had pictures showing the former Prime Minister giving the clenched fist salute in Spain, and hadn't the Labour Party leader used the term "comrade," known to be a salutation restricted to use in Communist circles?). There will be a query or two about the Senator's private declaration of war against the British Empire. (He has suggested that we "sink every accursed British ship carrying goods to Red China.")

On other fronts our national honor is more defensible. One catches a glimpse of a boisterous American sailor rushing a Piccadilly lady of the evening to more secluded quarters while Londoners stand in the shadows and look on, fuming with disapproval. One hears of American soldiers in a London movie theatre laughing and cavorting during a filming of the funeral of Queen Mary. All the English get up and move to the other side of the theatre, but our men are not abashed. These and a hundred other stories make the European rounds, winning us no friends; yet it is unlikely that our troops are more ill-mannered than troops anywhere. The entire subject of the deportment of U.S. soldiers in Europe was the object of an intensive campaign in the French Communist press, which gathered a collection of photographs depicting G.I. misbehavior and plastered them across full pages day after day. Another Communist line worked on the theme that the U.S. was taking away good French and English farmland in order to build airfields.

One of our problems is educating our soldiers to understand that they are in Europe to help the United States. Our young men are inclined to feel that they are sacrificing their good years for the benefit of Europe's civilian population. They emerge on the European scene with a certain arrogance, coupled with an inde-

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pendence that comes from being far from home. The resultant attitude is not always attractive.

The European, meanwhile, with American uniforms parading before him every day, is inclined to ask, "Are you really for peace?" There are, after all, no Russian uniforms in Western Europe. Some State Department circles believe that Americans usually are well informed about activity behind Iron Curtain countries, whereas Europeans seem no longer interested in Communist excesses. Furthermore, Europe is now tending to charge off *all* of our anxieties as a McCarthy-inspired nationalistic neurosis, when it would be fairer to apportion only a segment to these catalysts. It is difficult for the French to keep a straight face when for seven years they have been listening to the Voice of America charging off the broadcasts as the baldest Yankee propaganda. Enter the U.S. Senatorial investigators labeling the U.S. broadcasts "The Voice of Moscow" and the French are paralyzed with laughter.

A DIFFICULT question to deal with is our handling of the Chaplin case, a matter which hasn't become a cause célèbre on either side of the Atlantic, but yet has a way of creeping into the earnest discussions of Europeans when they meet Americans. France as a host nation, full of non-citizens, and not exactly receptive to arguments based on moral grounds, has little patience with our attitude. England is Chaplin's native land and he has been received by the Royal Family, two reasons that would not invoke British sympathy for our action. Probably our stand could be better defended by our travelers had we not used a morals charge to exclude someone whose political ideas were the real sore point.

Finally, there is the old saw about the brand of movies we export, the fatuous romantic strips of celluloid goo, the excursions into pink unreality, the pistol-popping Westerns. Without supporting the intellectual motives of Hollywood, Americans abroad can uphold the national honor by pointing to the big signs that hang now over theatres on the Champs Elysees, advertising American movies, and to the crowds that wind towards the box offices. After all, we merely supply the market.

One of the most comprehensive assessments of the dissension between Americans and Europeans was made recently by Frank Darvall of the English Speaking Union in Germany. Causes militating against goodwill included in the Darvall report were jealousy at the change in the last fifty

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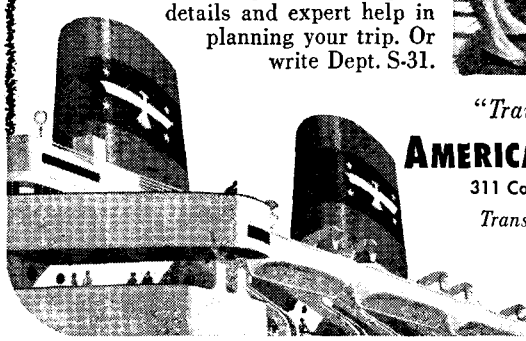

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years in the relative wealth and power of the United States and Europe; anxiety that the now-powerful United States may judge too hastily on involved international affairs that commit its partners to disadvantageous agreements. Europeans are fearful because American foreign policy is often based on what will please some particular bloc of U.S. voters rather than what is good for the world. There is fear, too, that the United States, which has not been a battlefield in the past two wars and has never known defeat, might be more disposed than Free Europe to a hasty declaration of war on the Soviet Union.

The Darvall report indicates that the aid we have sent to Europe has been considered merely as surplus goods and money, and that few Europeans recognize that American support came to them at considerable sacrifice in the form of high prices and high taxes in the United States. In educational circles, Europeans are still hacking away on the "uncultured American" theme, supporting it with unfair comparisons of the best European universities against the average American college. All this supports the old European contention that we are out for wealth and power at the expense of true culture. The truth of the matter is that in proportion America gives full-time education to more students up to the age of twenty-two than most European countries.

The Embarrassing Questions, 1953 Edition, are going to keep our tourists busier than they might have anticipated. Indeed, the barrage may tend to drive Americans back into the strict confines of the tourist lanes where they are liable to meet nobody but other Americans and be asked no question more loaded than "How do you like their coffee over here? Isn't it awful?" But those travelers, 1953, who hold their ground and are prepared to meet the challenge of the Europeans will henceforth have to know as much about America and world affairs as they do about the dimensions of the Eiffel Tower.

—Horace Sutton.

TRAVELER'S TALE

TOURIST TIPSHEET: For those who would learn how to juggle the Yugoslav dinar, and other ways of seeing Europe at wholesale prices, here is David Dodge's **"The Poor Man's Guide to Europe"** (Random House, $2.95). This is not a guide to the what and the where of Europe, but rather to the how. It mentions no hotels or restaurants by name, and in this regard the

—*French Tourist Office.*

The I-couldn't-care-less French customs.

publisher's advertisements have been somewhat misleading. Neither does it tell what to see aside from the banks. It does tell you all manner of ways of squeezing the last red Indian out of your dollar, and this theme pervades much of the thinking. Learn a few words of a foreign language so as to make better deals, says Mr. Dodge. Choose European airlines that may deposit you in places where currency switching is a national art—Switzerland and Portugal, for example. Once Mr. Dodge left Bern with eleven different kinds of currency all bought at advantageous rates, and another time he flew all the way to the USA with a ticket bought on foreign currency at a fraction of its cost in dollars. Not only that, but an experienced eater in England can learn to stow enough chow at breakfast—a meal frequently thrown in with the cost of the room so that he might not have to buy another morsel until teatime. The danger in this kind of traveling is that the author is inclined to put the cost before the heart. Witness this: "Greece is a tough country on tourists for transportation of any kind as well as other costs and should be visited only to see the sights at a price, never as an economical move." There are hints on how to beat the customs, how to buy a car, how to tip, and how to eat, as well as the intelligence that the author once got dinner for four for $3.33 including wine and brandy. But he omits the address and invites the reader to turn to other guide books (more money) for that kind of information. Any number of anecdotes concerning the Dodge family keeps the pace lively, and frequently funny, and there are some wonderful sketches by Irv Koons. —H. S.

Continental Scrutiny

Continued from page 19

incapable of the least initiative or persistent effort. After several decades in the country they still speak its language badly and are incapable of writing it. The crossing of the ocean exhausted their lifetime energy. Now they are completely empty." Such is his unflattering verdict.

A few more features of American life incur his sarcasm: baseball, naturally, even more meaningless and ludicrous than cricket to Continental Europeans; the naiveté of much American nationalism, prone to surround the word "citizen" with a magical halo of respect; sex crimes, apparently far more numerous in this country than in any other; and alcoholism. M. Duteil's explanation for masculine alcoholism is that man is naturally polygamous: man is to the woman what the bull is to the cow and the stallion to the mare. Now, he goes on, "what would the bull or stallion do if he was given, and after painful negotiations, only a single female and if this female, to whom nature has given five or ten times less of what is called 'temperament', should say: 'You make me tired. Can't you think of anything else?' Well, if they knew the address and the way to ask for it, the bull and the stallion would go to the nearest bar and ask for a double whiskey." Typically Gallic, will many of his readers say, probably inwardly comforted and flattered, if they are Kinseyan males and whiskey drinkers.

"The Great American Parade" finds also much to praise in the United States: literary criticism, for example, "the first in the world," according to this compatriot of Sainte-Beuve and Taine, who is alluding to articles and essays in the best newspapers and in some weeklies. Then the railroads, over which he waxes rapturous. In Europe, railroads connected already existing cities, in America, they created cities, required and stimulated "one of the great American national virtues—grandeur of conception." Hence the poetry with which an American train is surrounded, entering and leaving the station in an apotheosis of bells ringing as on Easter Sunday, with gentle employees, mechanics clothed in immaculate sky blue.

Unlike many critics of this country in the last few decades, M. Duteil evinces no especial fondness for the Negro, found Harlem totally unpicturesque, and retorts to the usual European affectation of superiority on

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the subject of race relations: "Which other country has done as much as America for the black race?" He is also refreshingly immune from the usual European irony about the American matriarchate and the inferior status of henpecked husbands in this country. He boldly and repeatedly asserts that "America is a man's country, and a country of instinctive misogynists. All misogynists pretend to be victimized by women." To be sure, he agrees that American women have done their best to desex their males. But he sees them as mild-tempered, seldom or never addicted to nagging or persecuting their husbands, always good-tempered and smiling, efficient, good mothers, excellent housekeepers, and—first-rate cooks. Indeed, few Frenchmen have ever found so much to praise in American cooking—clean, simple, wholesome, tasty, only a little too prone to stoop to the classical restraint of sandwiches—as the author of "The Great American Parade." He ends, however, on a note of doubt. There is a dangerous incidence of certain grave diseases in America (heart, leukemia, muscular dystrophy, infantile paralysis) for which this Frenchman blames the excessive cleanliness of the food, frozen, hygienic; but probably thus deprived of beneficent bacteria and of substances indispensable to the organism.

This unpretentious and unsystematic book will irritate and amuse, and teach us as much about Europeans as about America as seen from the other side of the water.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. *Herald,* "Romeo and Juliet," Shakespeare. 2. *World,* "God's World," Edna St. Vincent Millay. 3. *Times,* "Rabbi Ben Ezra," Robert Browning. 4. *Star,* "To——," Shelley. 5. *Sun.* "Spinning," Helen Hunt Jackson. 6. *Life,* "Phantastes," George MacDonald. 7. *Harpers,* "I Would Not Live Alway," William A. Muhlenberg. 8. *Liberty,* Speech by Patrick Henry. 9. *Look,* "Ships That Pass in the Night," Longfellow. 10. *St. Nicholas,* "A Visit from St. Nicholas," Clement C. Moore. 11. *News,* "The Deserted Village," Oliver Goldsmith. 12. *Churchman,* "The Problem," Ralph Waldo Emerson. 13. *Post,* "Samson Agonistes," Milton. 14. *Mirror,* "Hamlet," Shakespeare. 15. *Atlantic,* "Wind, Moon and Tides," Frederic William H. Myers. 16. *Press,* "The Press," Kipling. 17. *Time,* "Come Not When I Am Dead," Tennyson. 18. *Worker,* "Three Sources, etc.," Nikolai Lenin. 19. *Review,* "A Fable for Critics," James Russell Lowell. 20. *Fortune,* "Not by Bread Alone," James Terry White.

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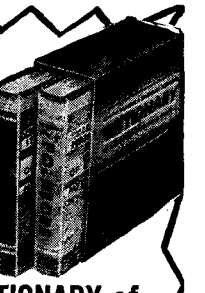

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THE FINE ARTS

Miracle at Genoa

LIKE other perennial visitors to the art museums of Italy, I have frequently longed for a new and drastically revised system of installation, especially as to the lighting and spacing of the paintings and sculptures. In world-renowned galleries like the Uffizi and the Lateran, the works themselves are of such superlative quality, of course, that it seems almost impertinent to quibble about their presentation or to question the visual sensibilities of preceding generations which apparently saw them quite well enough as is. Even so, on walking recently through the galleries of the Naples Museum and of the Palazzo Doria and the Villa Borghese at Rome, I found myself wondering more and more what would happen if by some miracle a progressive curator were given a free hand to bring one at least of Italy's incredible art-historical museums into line with the best contemporary practice in installation. Now the miracle has occurred —at Genoa, in the Palazzo Bianco, where the paintings and sculptures have been completely reinstalled since the war (in which the Palazzo was damaged) by Dr. Caterina Marcenaro, director of fine arts for the Commune of Genoa.

Dr. Marcenaro's job, begun in 1949 and completed in 1951, is, I think, the most emphatic possible answer to those die-hards who claim that modern types of installation are over-aggressive and thus tend to distract the eye from the works shown, or are in any case suited only to the sort of "abstract" art for which our era is famous or infamous, according to one's lights. In the second gallery at Genoa there is a remarkable sculpture mounted on a revolving, hydraulic lift. It is not by Brancusi or Arp or Henry Moore. It is by Giovanni Pisano, one of the very greatest sculptors of the late thirteenth century in Italy; its impact is both overwhelming and reverent, proving again that no work of art except a mediocre one was ever compromised by being entirely visible.

The galleries of the Palazzo Bianco, as seems appropriate for a museum by that name, are painted a deep off-white color which does not silhouette the pictures like the more glaring whites now much in vogue. At intervals walls of slate have been installed, in some cases to repair war damage, and their surfaces have been rubbed to obviate a blackboard flatness. Overhead there are thin metal lighting strips that seem to work as well as more cumbersome fixtures. But the most courageous innovation of all, for a museum devoted to the art of the past, is that the frames have nearly all been removed and replaced by simple bindings. We are used to this procedure in relation to modern art; it has become in fact something of a dogma, with attendant dangers of exaggeration. At Genoa, however, Dr. Marcenaro has obviously judged each picture by and for itself, applying a frame—and sometimes an ornate one —if really needed.

It is surprising which pictures gain most from being seen naked, so to speak. We wouldn't expect works of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries (a field in which the Palazzo Bianco's collection is small but choice) to require elaborate frames, considering in many cases their original humility. But who would have thought that paintings of the seventeenth-century Italian baroque would gain rather than lose by being exhibited unadorned? The Palazzo Bianco is famous for its works by North Italian baroque artists, notably by its native sons, Strozzi and Magnasco. Dr. Marcenaro must have needed great courage to put away their sumptuous frames and to subject their tenebrous forms to clean and even light.

THE result is startling and thoroughly impressive. Whereas once it had been assumed that baroque paintings needed period frames to contain their explosive asymmetries, now we see that the opposite may be true. By this I mean that at the Palazzo Bianco one is aware as seldom before of the ingenious calculation that underlies baroque composition; one sees plainly the special kind of tonal and formal discipline which, though brilliantly charted by several modern art historians, notably Wölfflin, remains elusive for most gallery-goers, their tastes formed by the classical esthetic.

The baroque pictures at Genoa are usually large in scale. When one comes to the Palazzo's considerable collection of Dutch and Flemish masters the problem of presentation might well be reversed. These paintings are often best read as scenarios, close-to; their traditional heavy black frames seemed to function like the wings of an intimate theatre. Yet at Genoa the seventeenth-century Little Masters stand alone, without benefit of props. They rise beautifully to the occasion. Whereas the Italian baroque pictures look toned down in dramatic content, their Northern chronological counterparts gain in breadth and vigor. And quite apart from differing schools, certain individual masterworks take on a new authority. I think in particular of the "Viatico di S. Bonaventura" by that resplendent and still much underestimated Spanish artist, Francesco Zurburan.

THE truth remains that no amount of inspired showmanship can promote a given painting or sculpture from one category of excellence to another. Dr. Marcenaro is obviously aware of this. If she has made the Palazzo Bianco infinitely more impressive than it was before the war, she has done so because of a fundamental respect for the quality of the works it contains. In America we have an ugly, accurate phrase to describe people who refer constantly to acquaintances more celebrated than themselves. We call them "namedroppers." Dr. Marcenaro is not one of these. She has had a number of great names among artists to use at the Palazzo Bianco. But she has hung their pictures beside those of obscure or anonymous masters, carefully chosen, proving often to be the peers of the guidebook stars.

Since leaving Genoa, the remarkable achievement of Dr. Marcenaro has been much on my mind. Apart from puzzling over the fact that so many of Italy's top museum officials are women (and this in a country where our new ambassador will have difficulty persuading the people that hers is not necessarily the Weaker Sex—"We are not Luxembourg, after all," the Italians say constantly), I have wondered what the reaction to her brave project has been on the part of civic authorities and the public. She writes that she has had complete official backing but that the citizenry is still hostile. Well, give the public time, as always. In another few years, when Dr. Marcenaro will have completed a comparable job of reconstruction at the Palazzo Rosso, they will probably carry her on their shoulders through the streets. Her "Provisional Catalogue" of the collection at the Palazzo Bianco alone is enough to make the weary traveler perk up with joy. In place of the drab, thumb-marked, inaccurate checklists of some Italian museums, this little catalogue, crisply designed and painstakingly assembled, warns you that you are about to see something old and marvelous, yet new and fresh.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

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The Sum of Many Colors

By Harold Rosenberg

In ***"A Background for Beauty"*** *(Beechurst Press. 220 pp. $10),* ***Arnold Silcock*** *is playing the traditional role of the esthetician, while in* ***"The Philosophy of Modern Art"*** *(Horizon Press. 278 pp. $4.50)* ***Herbert Read*** *tries the revolutionist's approach to art, according to Mr. Rosenberg, a lecturer at the New School for Social Research.*

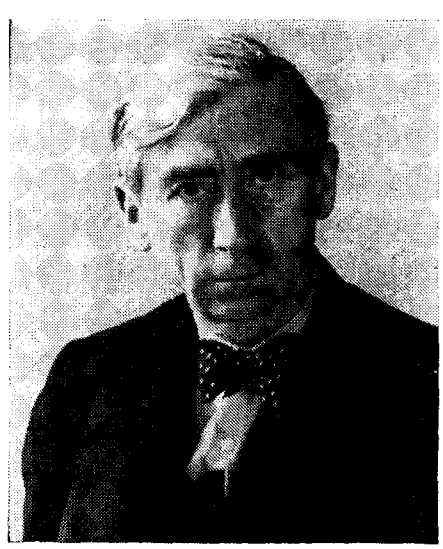
IT is a commonplace among artists that writers on esthetics are interested in Art but not in paintings. At times there is more consternation than bitterness in this observation. How can one pretend to describe the elements that make good pictures without looking at them for what they reveal of the problems and solutions of those who actually produce them? A book like Arnold Silcock's "A Background for Beauty," which "covers" painting from cave drawings to abstract expressionism, is like a history of human locomotion that would quote Archimedes on the wheel but neglect the carriage and repudiate the automobile.

Having established his principles of Beauty, about all Mr. Silcock feels obliged to tell us about, say, Rembrandt is that he was genius of chiaroscuro. As for the painting of our own time, Mr. Silcock writes from a point too high in the firmament to see anything but a historical bald spot. Thus he demands proof that Picasso's paintings "manifest a harmony in tune with the harmony of the universe." Modern abstract art, with which he confuses Picasso's paintings, fails to pass his test because it is a "working off of horrors" and a "turning away from life"—the same for futurism, Dadaism, surrealism. Of course, other esthetic doctors claim that the trouble with Dadaism, etc., is that they were too close to life and forgot about Art. Anyway, the devil with this party, let's move to another epoch. No, wait! Sargent, Brangwyn, Sickert, Orpen, Augustus John are for Mr. Silcock "international" as well as "universal," so the principles of esthetics have been served in our time after all.

Herbert Read is a very different kind of writer on art from Mr. Silcock. For him the state of creation now is part of his personal situation and the key to his esthetic consciousness. If no vital movements are afoot in the studios, Sir Herbert is saddened. That the great days of modernism seem to him to be over causes his "The Philosophy of Modern Art" to appear as an appreciation framed in black. "The work of the younger men is still but the prolonged reverberations of the explosions of thirty or forty years ago. The general effect is diminuendo." Since Sir Herbert's conclusions relate not to eternal harmony but to what is happening in art, his position deserves serious examination.

If Sir Herbert seems to be standing on a misty beach with the golden city of twentieth-century masterpieces somewhat to his rear, that is because he is less a critic of painting than a partisan of vanguardism in art. If you *look at the work* of 1910-20 instead of listening for "explosions" you can't say it's so much better than that of the past ten years. Sir Herbert has a point—and an extremely important one—but it relates not to the esthetic value of the paintings produced in recent years as against those of the early part of the century. What have declined are originality, daring, enthusiasm—in a word the movement of creation has slowed down and there are fewer ideas from outside of art impinging on the work done. The last thing Sir Herbert can find to talk about in his "Philosophy" is existentialism and this did not produce anything in the plastic arts. In the absence of a new transforming principle in art Sir Herbert is left high and dry; to float him again mere good painting is not enough; an upsurge of intellectual, and even social, energy is needed.

Such a vitalistic approach, which sees art as a human process rather than the effect of skill, raises the following question: Does the art of the twentieth century, so-called modern art, depend for its value upon a constant radical self-transformation; or is it capable of settling down into a style concerned with beauty rather than with overthrow and discovery?



—*Charles Leirens.*

Herbert Read—"prolonged reverberations."

AS a philosopher of modern art, Sir Herbert takes his position foursquare on its revolutionary character, by which he emphatically does not mean Soviet "socialist realism." "The modern movement in the arts which began to reveal itself in the first decade of the century was fundamentally revolutionary, and it affected all the arts . . . When I characterize this movement as *fundamentally revolutionary,* I attach a literal meaning to these well-worn words." What Sir Herbert is referring to is not political change but launching oneself away from prevailing standards into the future and the unknown. Cezanne did this when he thought the artist ought, as he said, "to express his entire personality, great or small." So did Klee when he declared, "I want to be as though newborn, knowing nothing, absolutely nothing, about Europe . . . to be almost primitive." Only the revolutionary impulse can define this movement with its manifold dream of new forms, new techniques, new tastes, and "new orders," the "new man," "new realities."

In an objective and historical sense, Sir Herbert would seem to be correct in regarding the perspective of revolution as necessary for an understanding of modern art; also in rejecting that modernist academicism who seeks a "synthesis" or consolidation of styles based on the earlier revolts and experiments. What would be the point of piling up accredited Vanguard Masterpieces? If the values that produced the major contemporary modes are revolutionary values, the works of the innovators and those built upon them lose their inner meaning in the absence of the spirit of independence, search, and radical truth.

But it's easier to say this than to make it make sense; and it's easier to make it make sense than to make it real. There is a comical contradiction involved in the idea that the only tradition of twentieth-century art is that of overthrowing tradition. Through this tradition it becomes possible for people to lean back conservatively on being revolutionary and even to attack anything new on the ground that it is not revolutionary enough.

Sir Herbert himself is not altogether immune to the absurdity inherent in this situation. "My aim," he announces, "has been to represent a consis-

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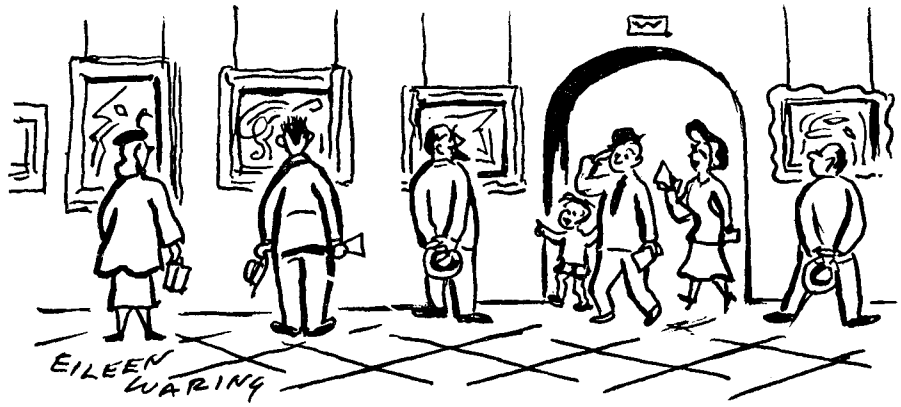
tently revolutionary attitude." But no revolutionist takes an "attitude" as his aim—it is the specific activity or condition that concerns him: with Cezanne total expression, with Klee rebirth. The moment revolution is made into an esthetic, it begins to move in the wrong direction; it begins to exclude works on the basis of its own formal system. For example, Sir Herbert questions whether surrealist painting, being in his opinion so completely revolutionary, "is still art." "We should deny," he says, "the term 'science' to an activity that refused to recognize the laws of induction; we have the same right to deny the term 'art' to an activity that rejects the laws of harmony." Harmony! How far is our revolutionist now from Mr. Silcock? He is saying exactly what was said about Constable and Courbet when they put "nature" ahead of "art"—it is what some champions of modernism are saying today about De Kooning's women.

If there are laws of harmony consistent with revolution, and Sir Herbert knows them, why can't modern styles be "consolidated" on the basis of them and in order to embody them? Why should Sir Herbert be opposed to a new modernist academy? Why look nostalgically back to the days of outraged tastes?

Sir Herbert's view that art is "realization of formal values" cannot be reconciled with his revolutionism. Take, for instance, the magnificent Dada show at the Sidney Janis Gallery last April. Most of the pieces in it were never intended for an art exhibition. They were intended as public events in the cities of Zurich or Paris. To apply esthetic principles to them can only result in distortion. Speaking of Dada, Sir Herbert forgets his "consistently revolutionary attitude" and describes Dada as the "first conscious negation of the esthetic principle"—which, for one thing, is not quite accurate and for another is to take Dada at its word rather than as a radical step *in* art. Whether or not Dada was anti-Art or esthetically cockeyed, the fact is there is a lot of good art in this Dada show, especially for tastes which Dada itself through its various influences helped to form.

The issue ought to be faced by writers on art that it is not possible to be both a revolutionist and a critic applying esthetic laws without becoming a bit ridiculous. The radical thinker cannot stand for Art; Art is for the Silcocks of the world. He must let what art is, and is to be, be decided by the artist. He can be for or against particular works and tendencies as a frank partisan—he cannot be a judge representing the Law.



Geometry of Response

By George Boas

Mr. Boas, professor of the history of philosophy at Johns Hopkins University and author of "A Primer for Critics," examines ***Susanne K. Langer's "Feeling and Form"*** *(Scribner. 431 pp. $7), in which Mrs. Langer undertakes to apply to the principal art forms the esthetic principles she developed a decade ago in "Philosophy in a New Key."*

SUSANNE K. LANGER's "Philosophy in a New Key," published some ten years or more ago, established a record for succinctness of expression and for originality of thought. It set forth what attempted to be a new philosophy of symbolism which promised to be the basis of a new esthetics. Her new book, "Feeling and Form," is the fulfilment of that promise. But whereas the former volume was clear, exciting, and, above all, suggestive of new lines of thought, the present one seems at least to this reviewer obscure, dull, and worse than all, so authoritative in tone that the reader has the impression of being back in primary school listening to a rather crabbed teacher.

But when space is short it is better to spend it on the merits of a book rather than on its defects. The merits are easily indicated. To begin with, the book is written from the artist's point of view, not from the spectator's. Thus, one is not being constantly tempted into reading back into the mind of poets, painters, and composers, the feelings and ideas which their work arouse in us. Nor does Mrs. Langer determine what goes on within an artist's mind by some sort of clairvoyance. She has thoroughly studied their journals and letters, talked with those who are her contemporaries, and submitted her conclusions to them for criticism. Thus no one can maintain that this is a book on esthetics which has no real relevance to the artistic life. On the other hand, Mrs. Langer does not explain why the spectator should adopt the artist's point of view. People who listen to music, for instance, are not composers except in a metaphorical sense, and there is some question whether that should not be frankly recognized by estheticians. The values which arise out of listening to music, looking at pictures, reading poetry, need not be the same as those which arise from composing, painting, and writing poems.

The second great advantage which Mrs. Langer has over most of her colleagues in esthetics, is her intimate first-hand knowledge of at least one art—music—and possibly others. She has clearly read a good deal of poetry and looked at a great many paintings. I am not sure that her acquaintance with the last named arts is as intimate as her acquaintance with music, but reading her book proves that it is more than adequate. Most such volumes leave one with the impression that their authors have read about art rather than experienced it. This is true even of such masters in the field as Kant and Hegel, whose works have been among the most influential.

In the third place, Mrs. Langer is free of the narrowness which has characterized the work of most American estheticians, a narrowness which leads them to impoverish works of art so that they become a simple esthetic surface, or a geometrical pattern. She is well aware that those special aspects of works of art are indeed always present but seems, at least, to be aware also of the fact that they are only special aspects.

What, then, is a work of art for Mrs. Langer? "Art," she maintains, "is the creation of forms symbolic of human feeling." The book as a whole is an expansion of this definition. First and

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foremost, the artist is a creator, not an arranger, a recorder, a reactor, an imitator. What he creates is something new and is made out of nothing. Second, the forms which he creates are not forms of existent things or events, but are in her terminology "virtual" beings. To be virtual is to be a "semblance" of something, not in the sense of being an imitation or representation of it, but to be a new model self-enclosed and obeying laws which describe it and nothing else. Thus, the space of a painting is virtual not real space and the time of music is virtual time and not real time. The chapters given over to the discussion of the virtual are among the most acute in the volume. Third, the word "symbolic" is used in a special sense: that of presenting an idea, not of standing for it, as, for instance, a dove with olive branch might stand for peace. The ideas, which works of art as symbols present, are feelings.

This theory of art depends, of course, upon a whole metaphysics, a metaphysics which was set forth in "Philosophy in a New Key." For obvious reasons I cannot give the details of that system here. But in general it can be said that the application of its theory of symbolism is that each work of art has its own laws, as each art in general has its own. Mrs. Langer finds in her general philosophy a clue to the unity of the arts. What she does not explain so satisfactorily is their diversity.

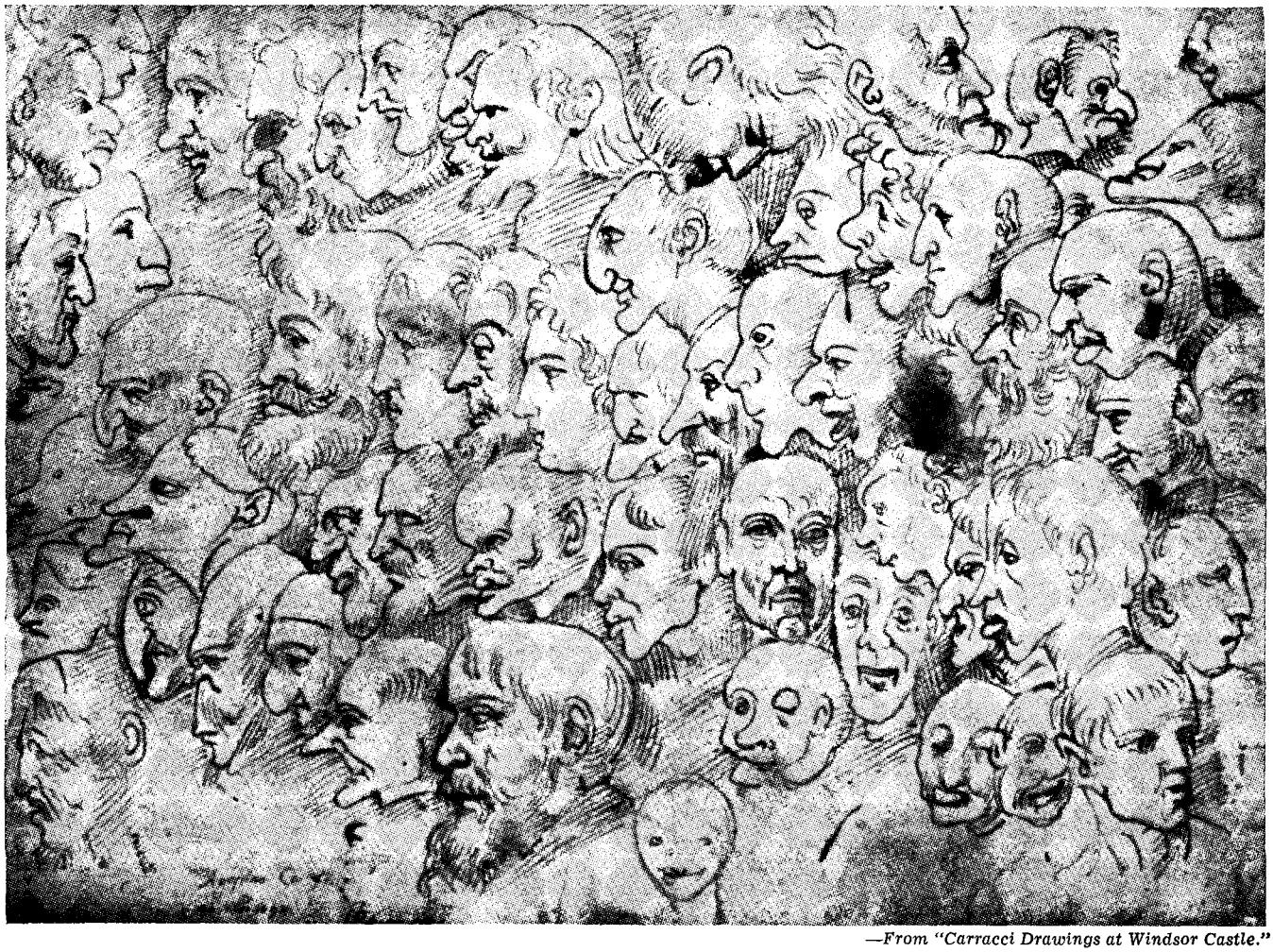
There are few if any people who would deny the possibility of finding something common to any two things or groups of things. The problems of life arise not from the similarity of things but from their dissimilarities. If all paintings seemed to be alike, there would be no problems of pictorial esthetics; when paintings all looked as if they were literal copies of physical objects, criticism consisted largely of technical comments on how correct or incorrect the drawing was, or the perspective, or the color, or the "values," or what not of that order. No one in his right mind would dispute an author the right of talking about anything he pleases and if Mrs. Langer prefers to talk about general similarities, that is indeed her privilege. But if she thinks that such comments throw any light whatsoever on the real problems which arise when two people look at a painting, it would seem likely that she is wrong.

Family of Linesmen

By S. Lane Faisan, Jr.

Professor Faisan, chairman of the department of fine arts at Williams College, appraises ***"The Drawings of the Carracci at Windsor Castle"*** *(Phaidon Publishers—Garden City Books. 178 pp. $15), in which* ***R. Wittkower*** *catalogues and reproduces 500 drawings by three seventeenth-century artists.*

CONSIDERING the reputation enjoyed by the three Carracci—Lodovico, Agostino, and Annibale—in their own lifetimes and its unbroken continuation well into the nineteenth century, it is remarkable how little the public knows them today. The major studies of their work, all difficult to obtain, are by German scholars: Hermann Voss's book on Roman Baroque painting (1924), H. Tietze's article in the Vienna "Jahrbuch" for 1906-7, and H. Bodmer's monograph on Lodovico Carracci (1939). Bodmer's plan to publish



—From "Carracci Drawings at Windsor Castle."

Sheet of caricatures by V. Agostino Carracci.

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monographs on Agostino and Annibale Carracci was prevented by his untimely death.

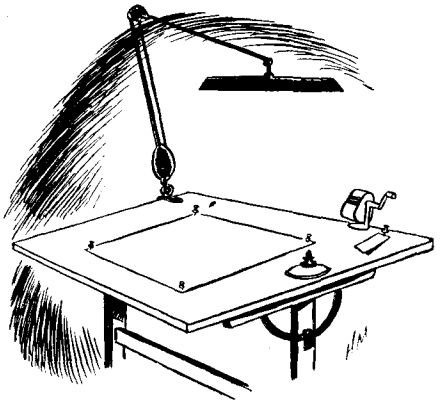
Agostino and Annibale were brothers and Lodovico was their cousin, two years older than Agostino, who was born in 1557, three years before Annibale. All three originated in Bologna, and there they founded an academy which became a major center for the training of artists and attracted students from considerable distances. Their collaboration in Bologna was always extremely close. It was broken in 1595 when Annibale was called to Rome to enter the service of Cardinal Odoardo Farnese. Agostino followed him two years later, and both of them worked in Rome until their death, Agostino's in 1602, Annibale's in 1609. Meanwhile, Cousin Lodovico stayed on in Bologna, working there until he died in 1619. Under his sole direction the academy fell upon declining days and Bologna ceased to exert the influence it had developed in the 1580's and early 1590's.

The foregoing historical summary may serve to indicate the very considerable difficulties that await anyone who would attempt to unravel three such intricately interwoven careers. It also affords two basic and indispensable clues: the strong conservatism of Lodovico, whose influence during the formative years of this trio was as might have been expected decisive by reason of his greater age; and the artistic dominance of Annibale, suggested by his being called to Rome to serve a great patron and by his massive success during the fourteen years he worked there.

Professor Wittkower's catalogue of the more than five hundred drawings at Windsor Castle by these masters and their imitators is carefully reasoned from such information as is available, and brilliantly supported by a keen eye for style. About a fourth of the drawings can be related to documented paintings, and this is enough, particularly when reinforced by study of the Carracci drawings in the Louvre (Windsor's only real rival in this respect) to provide a corpus from which the three artists' styles and the development of each can be defined with a fair degree of certainty and completeness.

Any procedure designed to cover five hundred drawings in differing media by three masters and their immediate circle of followers is necessarily arbitrary. Wittkower's arrangement is as little confusing as can be expected. The Carracci are, of course, treated separately. In each instance drawings for known paintings are considered first, and then drawings without such a connection. In each of these sections the arrangement is by chronological groups. A large and miscellaneous remainder is divided by subject under each artist. Caricatures, a sure sign of a post-Renaissance age (Leonardo da Vinci to the contrary notwithstanding), form one of the most interesting of these divisions. Unfortunately, there are virtually no landscape drawings by the Carraccis at Windsor. Among the portrait studies, a self-portrait by Agostino (plate 22) may prove helpful in determining the authorship of a fine oil at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, in San Francisco, which has been considered Spanish, Italian, and Hispano-Italian.

It is a little difficult for the student of Wittkower's catalogue to work out an overall picture of the development of any of the Carracci from several necessarily overlapping chronological groupings. It is regrettable that he did not provide a kind of schematic concordance to his catalogue of each artist. While this volume was written for specialists in the field of seventeenth-century drawings, the unprofessional reader will find the short introduction a helpful guide to the plentiful illustrations in revealing Lodovico's art as essentially linked to international Mannerism of the sixteenth century, Agostino's as relatively more studious than creative (except in caricature), and Annibale's as a truly creative extension of the massive baroque potential in the art of Raphael and especially Michelangelo, but rendered softer and more fluid by something of Correggio's light and shade and the color of the Venetians. Such combinations, which all three Carracci attempted in their varying ways, earned for them a classification as Eclectic painters, and the term is duly rehearsed in most of the history books. For Annibale, at least, it is as ungenerous a term as it is undeserved. One must not forget that he exerted a major formative influence on seventeenth-century artists as varied as Domenichino (who once owned most of these Windsor drawings), Rubens, and Poussin.



Art Book Notes

WHAT IS BEAUTY?: To the list of important contributors to the field of esthetics one must now add the name of Harold Osborne, a former teacher at Trinity College, Cambridge, and currently a civil servant. His distinctions, as exhibited in **"Theory of Beauty"** (Philosophical Library, $4.75) are excellent—one might even say exquisite—and the ability to make them is a sign, of course, of a superior intelligence. Suppose, for example, that a writer adheres to a "social utility" theory of beauty and maintains that those things are most beautiful which are most useful. In these terms a municipal sewage system becomes much more beautiful than a carefully cultivated rose garden. Or suppose, as another example, that the best estheticians are the critics of painting and literature and music and drama who practise their profession in the daily newspapers. They have no more relation to esthetics than casuistry has to ethics. Behind their rapid pronouncements lie principles which in essence are philosophical in character. The proper business of esthetics is not to make things beautiful but to make beauty intelligible, not to determine what is beautiful and what is not but to examine the truth or falsity of judgments about the beautiful. Esthetics, therefore, is a genuinely philosophical discipline and a theoretical science sufficient unto itself.

Observations like these, however, merely describe esthetic inquiry. Mr. Osborne does more than this. He considers, in a clever and analytical manner the method of esthetics, metaphysical theories of beauty, subjective and objective theories of beauty, psychological and sociological theories, the nature of a work of art, the nature of appreciation, and—with an almost Bergsonian distrust of dissection—the various attempts to construct mathematical norms of esthetic explanation. His own theory, somewhat Aristotelian in flavor, lacks a complete development, but no one who mines this field of inquiry can afford to miss this book.

—Robert Bierstedt.

ESTHETIC BOOK OF MYSTERIES: Louis Danz's **"Dynamic Dissonance in Nature and the Arts"** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $5) is a long, passionate argument, an invocation, in fact, with occasional exorcisms, about the feelings, associations, judgments, and resolutions, clustering in the author's mind around the concept of "dissonance." "Dissonance" he identifies with "asymmetric order, dynamic order"; Picasso *et al.*, represent dissonance in

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our time; it has been represented in the past, and perennially, by other personalities (e.g., Shakespeare, Praxiteles), by events ("Pilate's washing of his hands . . . Nietzsche's collapse"), and by natural phenomena ("the turbulent river that gushes between quiet canyon walls, the molten lava that moves relentlessly down the passive mountainside; the lightning that sets fire to the night, the wind that tortures the ocean's calm").

Mr. Danz's enthusiasm goes out only towards those works which he feels to be extensions of the larger All of life, of "Nature's total plan." Anything cut off from the whole, like expressionism, which is too subjective and nightmarish for Mr. Danz, or cubism, which he finds too skeletonic, fails in dynamic dissonance according to the Danzian measure.

The worst failure is "mind" and its representatives—philosophers, scholars, scientists, mathematicians—though some of the great among these manage somehow to be dissonant enough to earn respectful reference. Mind is what you find in modern functional architecture, in styles based on number or geometry, in the demand anticipated by the author that this book make itself "understood." Mr. Danz is contemptuous of mind and its surface knowledge—"the artist must deny the very existence of mind"; he is in favor of the organic and the profound.

This, then, is a Wisdom Book, a Book of Mysteries, in which the writer projects himself as a visionary and calls upon the reader to see what he sees, exactly as he sees it at any moment—and to want to see what he does not quite see.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG.

MEDIEVAL LIFE CAUGHT BY PEN AND BRUSH: Of all the visual arts, that of drawing deserves best to be likened to chamber music in its intimacy of communication. The immediacy of its expression is not unlike handwriting, but the drawing offers a more subtle and intricate linear graph keyed to attitudes and emotions of the author and his times. Thus, the drawings Francis Wormald has collected in **"English Drawings of the 10th and 11th Centuries"** (Frederick A. Praeger, $6), will bring rewarding revelation to anyone unfamiliar with English art or the monastic temper of a millennium ago. Here, pen and brush reveal with astonishing freshness a spirit of sparkling liveliness and irrepressible vitality. The drawings abound in facile wit and chic, no less dignified and moving for their garrulous animation. They range in mode from the earlier calligraphy of exquisitely nervous and quivering lines, to the later works which stabilize and stylize these energies as a national style begins to form.

If the plates make this book a visual delight for even the idlest browser, its text and catalogue prove it to be an important contribution to scholarship. Professor Wormald has modestly compressed and simplified a wealth of knowledge of manuscript illustration, and clarified a brilliant interval in the history of English art from its origins in Carolingian sources through successive phases of transformation during two centuries. Since many of the drawings become veritable paintings, through the addition of colored washes—and since many of the paintings not included are actually brush drawings—it is difficult to discover the author's principle of selection, which must become somewhat arbitrary.

Herbert Read once exclaimed, with understandable extravagance, that "in the twelfth century England was the most artistic country in the whole of Europe." Professor Wormald's book invites us to extend these horizons to the two preceding centuries when its achievement, witnessed by these drawings, matched those of the continent. And if, as Wormald says, William Blake is to be reckoned among the descendants of these draftsmen, one might add that comparison eminently favors the ancestors.

—HARRY BOBER.

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Of Time and Space

The Saturday Review's Guide to Science Fantasy Fiction

Book	*Theme*	*Handling*	*Rating*
CLOAK OF AESIR *John W. Campbell, Jr.* (Shasta: $3)	Remarkable collection of ideological stories from science fiction's most remarkable editor.	A little too much direct description; otherwise of the best.	Ideas always outweigh content.
THE CONTINENT MAKERS *L. Sprague de Camp* (Twayne: $2.95)	Tales—of every description—from the civilization of the *Viagens Interplanetarias.*	Thread of central background holds even the poorer ones together; and few are poor.	Tops in both humor and adventure.
THE STARMEN *Leigh Brackett* (Gnome: $2.75)	Only one race is really capable of interstellar travel.	Exciting humanization of very difficult material.	Both interesting and credible.
BALLROOM OF THE SKIES *John D. MacDonald* (Greenberg: $2.75)	Combines human emotion with the "we are manipulated" idea.	Starts as first-class story; turns into good cosmic story; turns back.	Material often escapes author's control.
FUTURE TENSE *Ed. by Kendell Foster Crossen* (Greenberg: $3.50)	Fourteen stories of the future, including one novel; seven from magazines, seven originals.	All types from humor to symbolism, with everything in between, and from non-skill to skill.	Magazine editors seldom err.
WEST OF THE SUN *Edgar Pangborn* (Doubleday: $2.75)	Humans try to colonize a dangerous world already inhabited by humanoids.	Perfectly real people handling a difficult situation according to their lights.	Brilliancy by a newcomer.
JUDGMENT NIGHT *C. L. Moore* (Gnome: $3.50)	Collection of some of the strangest long stories ever written in the science-fiction form.	Complete answer to the charge science fiction lacks emotion.	First story a classic; rest often hard to grasp, but good.
BEYOND HUMAN KEN *Ed. by Judith Merril* (Random House: $2.95)	Twenty-one tales of non-human creatures.	High level of making reader understand how non-humans can have graspable thoughts and emotions.	Must say it's good; I wrote introduction.
OMNIBUS OF SCIENCE FICTION *Ed. by Groff Conklin* (Crown: $3.50)	None in particular except to bring together a giant volume (43 stories) of good science fiction.	Generally above average of magazines; but the magazine average is low.	You'll not be too sorry.
PRISONER IN THE SKULL *Charles Dye* (Abelard: $2.50)	Search for a telepathic danger in a world that has no use for such.	Dashiell Hammett with emotional immaturity and surplus detail.	Passes too many miracles.
THE CURRENTS OF SPACE *Isaac Asimov* (Doubleday: $2.75)	What happens aboard planets whose suns are about to become novae.	Reduces a scientific problem to basic human terms.	Best Asimov to date.
SENTINELS FROM SPACE *Eric Frank Russell* (Bouregy & Curl: $2.75)	We are watched from afar, but not quite helpless or hopeless.	Exciting semi-classic; but is this the way super-minds work?	The hand is Russell, but the voice is Van Vogt.

—FLETCHER PRATT.

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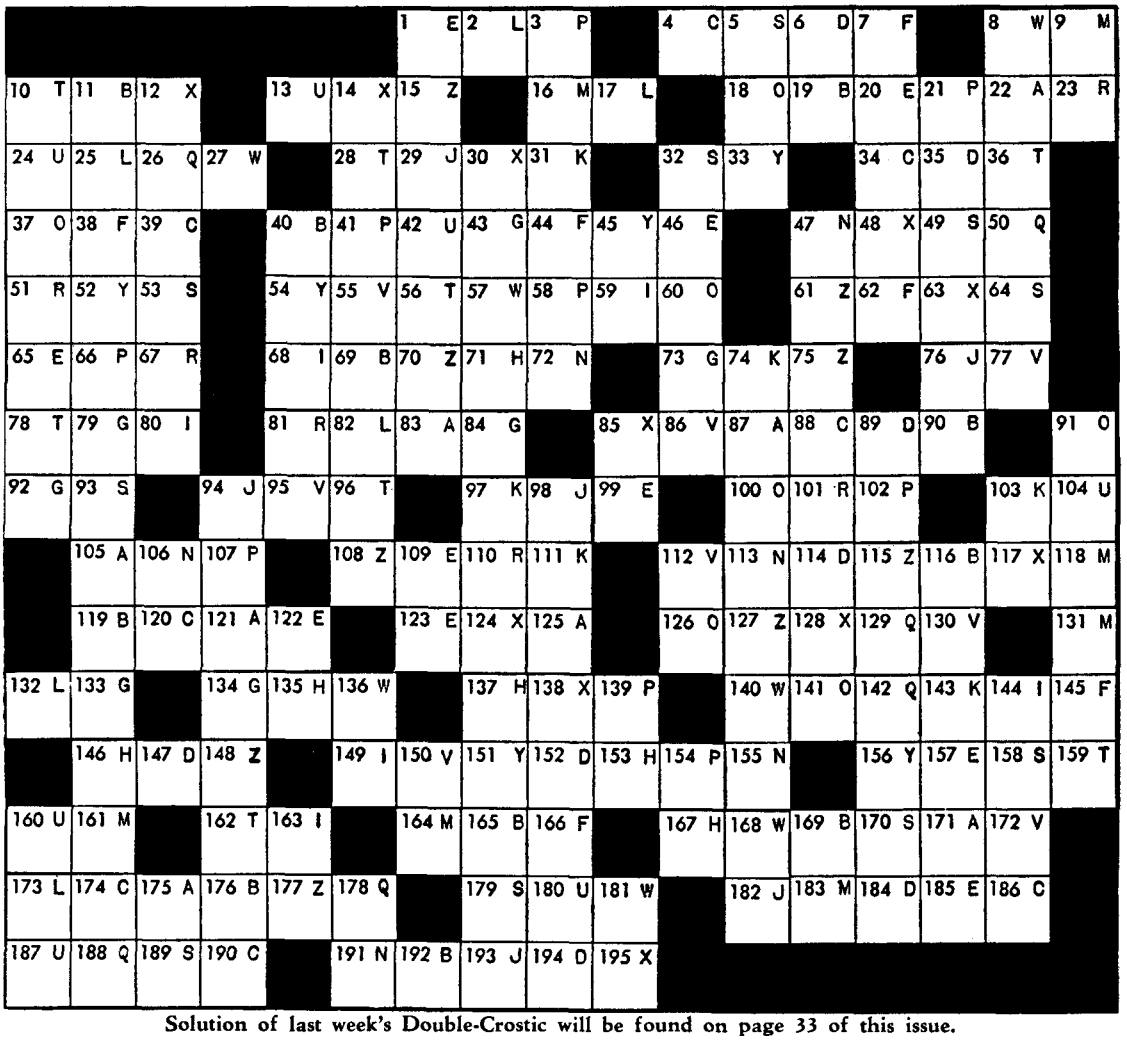
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Official execution of a heretic (comp.).	121 22 105 175 125 83 87 171
B. One of most successful girls' books ever written (2 wds.; 1868).	11 165 40 169 119 116 176 19 69 90 192
C. Reduce (something) in bulk by liquefying (2 wds.)	34 120 174 190 39 88 4 186
D. A partisan.	35 6 147 184 89 194 152 114
E. Public eating house.	20 185 99 1 123 157 46 109 122 65
F. The "Manifesto" naming the U.S. grounds for seizing Cuba "if Spain refused to sell it," 1854.	62 166 44 7 38 145
G. Fascinate.	73 133 134 92 84 43 79
H. Emphatic pronoun.	153 146 137 135 71 167
I. Stage of the game of jackstones when one must pick up all at once, on a single bounce of the ball.	68 59 80 144 163 149
J. Group of eight.	76 182 193 29 98 94
K. Not at all.	143 74 97 103 31 111
L. Punctuation point of many uses, usually one-third em-dash.	2 25 173 132 82 17
M. What the heir will do.	16 118 164 161 183 9 131

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Dialect of descendants of African slaves now living in coastal South Carolina, sea islands, etc.	155 191 47 72 113 106
O. Son of Jupiter and Semele who rode upon the tiger.	126 37 100 18 91 141 60
P. Invested with sovereign dignity.	3 139 102 66 41 58 154 107 21
Q. English man's name which means "guardian of property."	26 50 129 188 142 178
R. Summon together; collect and display.	110 101 81 51 67 23
S. Direct opposition.	32 64 158 5 179 170 53 189 49 93
T. Cherished.	36 159 56 78 162 28 10 96
U. Object used by the Swiss to sound the *ranz des vaches*.	42 13 187 180 24 160 104
V. The yellow water lily.	130 86 77 55 112 150 95 172
W. Man called up for service in the armed forces.	27 57 168 8 140 181 136
X. Ancient weapons still in use (3 wds.).	85 128 63 48 124 12 14 117 195 138 30
Y. Colloquialism for unfriendly.	45 156 54 151 33 52
Z. Only a short time ago.	15 177 108 115 148 127 61 70 75



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 33 of this issue.

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